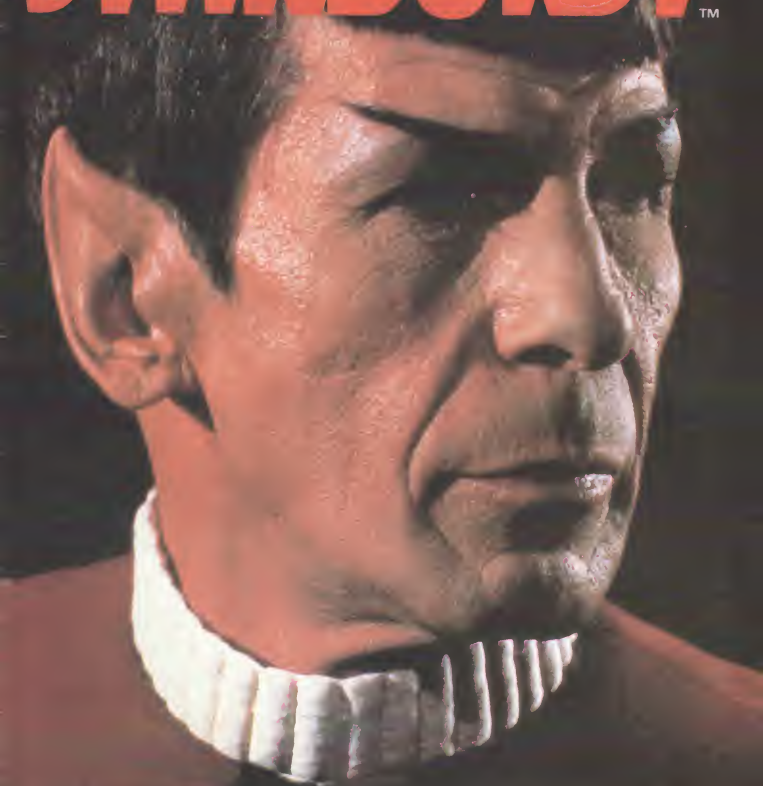


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# STARBURST

TM



**THE RETURN OF SPOCK IN STAR TREK II**



## STAR TREK 2

THE LONG-AWAITED SEQUEL TO STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE IS FINALLY WITH US. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT IT IS A LOT BETTER THAN THE FIRST MOVIE.

## FRANK MARSHALL

THE PRODUCER OF RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK AND THE TWO NEW SPIELBERG OFFERINGS — ET AND POLTERGEIST — TALKS CANDIDLY TO OUR CORRESPONDENT BILL WARREN ABOUT HIS EARLY CAREER.

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# STARBURST

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# STARBURST LETTERS



## CINEMA THREAT

I have been getting *Starburst* for about a year and a half. Up to now I have had no complaints but since you released *cinema* your mag has got thinner, ie No 45 had 64 pages but No 47 only had 56 pages. Not only that but because of *cinema* you deprived us of John Brosnan's likes or, more to the point, dislikes of *Quest for Fire*. This upset me because to my mind John is the only good writer you have got.

Could you please try to get your reviews in early as in recent months' *Mad Max II* and *Road Games* have come and gone before you reviewed them. Now for some praise *Starburst* is the best fantasy mag around and normally up to date.

Good luck, hope you get a happy medium between *Starburst* and *cinema*.

Aaron Fitt,  
Northfleet.

*The out-of-date reviews are an occupational hazard, Aaron. Sometimes our critics don't get to see the films till very close to their release dates. Nothing we can do about that. But surely late coverage is better than no coverage at all? John Brosnan and all our other writers are working just as hard as they ever did on Starburst, cinema or no cinema. John Brosnan will be reviewing the forthcoming Blade Runner in the next issue of the magazine, in which there will be more pages...*



## IS IT CAROLINE?

In the midst of revising for my A levels and reading *Starburst* (and *cinema*) I settled down to watch this week's *Top of the Pops* (yes, some people will admit to watching it). During the show, on came the video for Adam Ant's new single Goody Two Shoes, on which I noticed a very lovely young lady taking the role of a secretary who looked remarkably like Fantasy Female No. 1 — Caroline Munro. Please could you put my mind at rest and confirm that it was Ms Munro, or tell me that I'm walking completely up the wrong path. Keep up the good work on the magazine. Thank you.

Neil Roberts,  
Caerphilly.

*We weren't sure either, Neil. So we called Caroline to find out. And the answer is yes, it is the first lady of fantasy in that Adam Ant video. (thorough, aren't we?).*

## PHILIP K. DICK CORRECTION

In *Starburst* No. 46, you stated that Philip K. Dick died after a heart attack, this is not so. Philip died after a stroke, after several days in a coma and he died at the age of 53 on March 2nd. It was this news that failed to be in any British daily or Sunday newspaper. He will truly be remembered. Very early on, he had a crush on singer Linda Ronstadt. Philip wrote his last novel before he died and it is called *The*

*Transmigration Of Timothy Archer*, due to be out this summer.

Vilmore Rochester,  
Peckham,  
London.

*Sincere apologies about the mis-reporting of the circumstances surrounding the death of Philip K. Dick. As is often the case, early reports of such matters are garbled. And with our long lead time there is often little time to double check the facts.*





## AUSSIE CINEMA

We are bitterly disappointed with the treatment that **Mad Max**, and Australian films in general, have received.

Your writer Tony Crawley, on more than one occasion, has, without reason, rubbished **Mad Max**. He even went so far as to say that it is "a lot of badly made rubbish". Why is it that **Mad Max** and its more futuristic successor **Mad Max 2 (The Road Warrior)** are getting this sort of rubbish from the "critics"? If the films are really that bad, then why is it that the Japanese have hailed Max as a super hero? Why haven't the rest of the world followed suite? Are people deterred by low budgets? Or is it the Aussie accents? America even has the audacity to dub their accents into our films e.g. **Mad Max, Patrick** etc.

In other words, they make the hero an American. If a film was made in Wales or Scotland then the accents would be left as they are, (and we can't understand a flamin' word they're sayin'). And it couldn't

possibly have anything to do with the **Mad Max** plot as the Americans have already attempted their version. The so-called original ideas of **Battletruck** and **Megaforce** are quite plainly "thefts" of Mr. Miller's formula.

The colour, photography and direction of the **Mad Max** films are superb. The raw, spectacular stunt-work does not have a planned, calculated look about it (and the vehicles do exceed 30 m.p.h. unlike the plain movie stunts that the Americans are so proud of.)

Other than our disagreements with Mr. Crawley we think that your magazine is informative, enjoyable and in general—pretty bonza. Keep up the good work.

Yours truly,  
Aaron Stevenson  
and Brian Griffin,  
Bendigo,  
Australia.

Alan McKenzie replies: "My, my. What an angry letter. In defense of Tony Crawley I will point out that the version of **Mad Max** seen in the

United Kingdom was the badly dubbed American print. The dubbing was so bad that the film *did* look like a lot of badly made rubbish. It is still inferior to the second film. I was sitting next to Tony Crawley at the preview of **Mad Max II** and we were both overwhelmed at the sheer spectacle of the movie.

"The rest of the world has discovered **Mad Max II**. The film did tremendous business in the USA, as did the first film. And **Mad Max II** was top of the film list for weeks in Britain.

"But I don't think you are in a position to call **Megaforce** and **Battletruck** 'thefts' of the Miller formula. As the films haven't opened anywhere yet, you can't have seen them and the comment borders on the libelous.

"Finally, in our own defense, I will point out that John Brosnan, Phil Edwards and John Baxter are all Australians and sympathetic to Australian movies in general. Check out Baxter's piece on Aussie films in **cinema 2**. We are doing our bit... honest, fellas!"

We regret that we cannot enter into personal correspondence with readers. There just aren't enough hours in the day.

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# THINGS TO COME

## WELCOME TO CANNES '82

Steven Spielberg smiling broadly and waving to quite rapturous Press conference acclaim, and why not after the world premiere smash of *E.T.*, which, believe me, stands for Extra Terrific... George Romero and Stephen King basking in plaudits after the world beating premier, of their long awaited and all promises-kept *Creepshow*... Ex-Tarzan Miles O'Keefe taking over Europe, Rome at least, and about to come on like a French 007... A big question-mark over the next true Bond, Moore's or Connery's... Harley-Coklis' *Battlecrack* revving up to down Euro box offices... Sybil Danning guessing who I write for as soon as I introduced myself as coming "from your

favourite British magazine" ... and rushing off to select some "special photos for *Starburst*" ...

A fine new horrorsmith discovery in absurdly young looking Sam Raimi and *Evil Dead*... *The Last Horror Film* back where it was shooting last year and director David Winters and star Joe Spinell promising *Maniac II* for next year... (Must they?)... Conan being ripped off unmercifully by the Italians, far more so than by *Thelma & Louise*... *Hercules*, too, come to that... Lou Ferrigno in black beard, twin hearing-aids, beiging shirt, continually saying how great and wonderful he is; and when he wasn't, his wife was... Debut films from ex-assistants to Carpenter and Romero... Paul Bartel, long time

## SPIELBERG CONQUERS

But that *E.T.*!! *Quelle film*, as the French say and keep on saying. Wotta movie! "Marci, Monsieur Spielberg," want one Paris critic's review.

One used to think of George Lucas as being this generation's Walt Disney. I'm not so sure anymore. No matter how well *Ton* does—or given the studio's current record, doesn't do—this summer, Spielberg has made the real Disney masterpiece of the year. Of the last couple of decades. At heart it's a kids' movie, sort of *Close Encounters III* from a child's viewpoint, but there's sure going to be zillions of adults hiring kids as an excuse to buy tickets and see Uncle Stevie's light and magic show. "A contemporary fantasy," says Steve. "A fairy tale for the 1980s."

The story, you may be surprised to hear, is by Harrison Ford's girlfriend, Melissa Matheson. Good job! The film features a batch of kids (thankfully, far from smug, spoilt Disney brats), led by solid ten-year-old Henry Thomas, the older Robert MacNaughton and younger still Drew Barrymore. Like the adults they're finely chosen—superbly depicting the childish delight and wonderment in finding an extra-terrestrial which matches not only Dreyfuss' look at the end of *CE3K* but, inevitably, Spielberg himself. He's still emotionally 19, he told us.

Naturally the film is stolen, hook, line



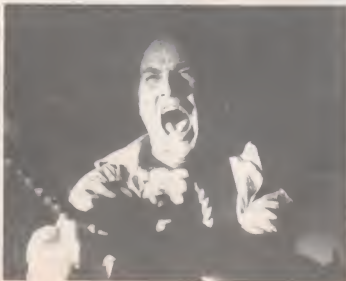
and sinker, by the star of the show—*E.T.*, himself, no, itself... no, himself! This is Carlo Rambaldi's latest piece of cinematic magic and if he can carry on making such brilliantly conceived and operational models like this, it can't be long before Spielberg, or whoever, can get him to make say a model of Cary Grant looking 35 to act in a movie opposite Brigitte Bardot at 22, with Bogey and Tracy machines in the same movie...!

I'd better quit there... I'll be reviewing the film later (can't wait to start tapping it out). Enough for now to say—Put it at the top of your must-see movies for the rest of '82. See the summertime invasion of *Star Trek II, Cat People* and the rest, by all means. But come Christmas, *E.T.* is going to be the best gift around. It's not flawless, of course, but it's damn near it. *E.T.* was shown in the large Palais building—the last movie to be shown there as the festival has an enormous new Palais next year. It was not in competition (the exhilarating sound you could hear all over Cannes were the sighs of relief from Costa-Gavras, Antonioni, Godard, Scorsese, Lindsay Anderson, Alan Parker, Wim Wenders, Werner Herzog, etc.). No, Spielberg was the closing night treat. Undoubtedly if *E.T.* had been in the contest, it would have snapped up most of the prizes. Nothing else on the official show (apart from Alan Parker's dazzling version of *Pink Floyd—The Wall*, another non-competitive treat) would have matched it.

## NEXT FROM STEVE

Spielberg The Wonder Boy, alas, was giving no interviews beyond his Press conflag. Well, he did relent and speak of his passion for cinema (for actually going to a cinema) in Wim Wenders' report on the festival, or at least its directors, for one of the French tv channels. So I'm still in the dark as to how much, if any, if all, of *Pottergeist* he directed. One thing he made clear—he broke that film down, shot by shot, for Tobe Hooper (the Spielbergian light show touches are all over the stills) and he also edited the film.

That's when he went mad, he told us—when editing *E.T.* and *Pottergeist* at the same time. That's why he was taking things easy in Cannes—"loafing" around, waiting to join George Lucas, as



usual, on a Hawaii holiday once Jedi, already in the can, is in something like final shape. Then, they'll start tinkering around with *Raiders II*... and a lot more torches.

Steve will be making one movie before that, however. A film of exactly 22 minutes in length... It's his contribution to a cinema version of *Twilight Zone*. There will be four segments in all (just look what *Creepshow* has started, or reprasented, remembering the Amicus anthologies). The three other Zones will be handled by John Landis... Joe Dante... and up from down under, *Mad Max* director George Miller. Sounds another nipa royal treat.

After the next *Raiders*, Spielberg plans more films as a (very active) producer. He's only signed to helm *Black Hawk* for Warner Brothers. Busy fellow!

# Compiled by Tony Crawley

ago no see, making a devilish comeback with *Eating Raoul*... Bill Lustig spilling more blood in *Vigilante* (with *Alligator*'s Bob Forster) than he did in *Maniac*, if that's possible... The Aussies trying the horror game and not quite handling it... The New Zealanders doing it better (but then they had John Carradine)... A new version of *She* announced. A big search for a jungle *Jane*... 3-D (and the Cannon Group) everywhere... And the foster fathers of our genre, Sam Arkoff, Irvin Shapiro and Roger Corman reigning supreme among all the (less than usual) hoopla...

This was Cannes 1982. The 35th international film festival and the 22nd year of the adjacent Film Market, which helps make Cannes the biggest

cine-circus in the overcrowded festival lists. A great year for our kind of movies and in my interview schedules too (as per annually usual, these columns from Cannes become a trailer, not to say a personal reminder, for various reviews, previews and interviews for future issues).

But, alas, it was not so hot in the main festival competitions and the non-genre visitors to town. I mean, who the hell reads Anne Archer and Pin Zadora? Frankly if it had not been for our movies—which are taking over Cannes just as they are ruling film production the world over—and the fact that *E.T.* was only unveiled on the final day, I might well have quit and gone back home.

## EXTRO COMETH

Picking up a lot of business—riding, as it were, on the coat-tails of the *E.T.* interest—was Harry Bromley Davenport's *EXTRO*. Shooting has finished in London, of course, and the first full print, containing all the finalised effects is due to be reedy come August. The *EXTRO* teams showed a 30-minute production (or promo) reel in one of the Palais salles, and the clamour was so much, I couldn't get in!

Various colleagues told me it was looking good, while *EXTRO* himself... no, itself... was looking superbly terrifying. Rather doubt if Spielberg will like it, then. His *E.T.* is exactly what he thinks, hopes (prays?) an alien visitor will be like. While he can enjoy a good old monster-from-out-there movie, he firmly believes that if any inhabitants of any planets in our galaxy have intelligence and power enough to come on by for a short vacation, there's absolutely no reason to believe they would be unfriendly. So there!

## FLASHBACK

First day in town. First hour in fact. About 8.12pm to be exact on the day before the whole shooting-match began. And I bump into Screen International's excellent co-editor, Quentin Falk, and the trade paper's Video Screen chief, Adrian Hodges. Haven't seen Adrian since last year—and Quentin since 1980. He has some nice words to say about some article of mine he'd read. Where? In *Starburst*. "Oh, you mean you actually got to see *Starburst*...? "Got it with me," he says.

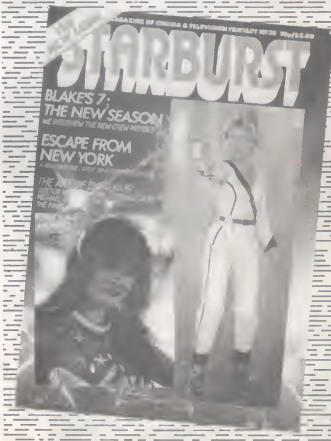
So, I borrow it, take some tea (yes, tea; French coffee has its uses but it's so dinky-sized) and croissants on the friendliest beech in town, Jean-Marie D'Heene's Plage Club des Sports, and settle down to read this and that in issue 46. I chuckled at Brosnan, wonder why I didn't interview Jean-Jacques Annaud in Paris before he got to London, find Pert Two of my Richard Rubinstein rap and chance upon an interview feature with Jamie Lee Curtis, whose ever downhill *Dad* is due in Cannes later on.

I'm reading Jamie Lee with great interest... and I'm about half-way through the piece before I realise I wrote it! And, indeed, carried out the interview here in Cannes... oh, two years ago. Boy, it's a tough life as a freelance and being paid on publication

First it will control the planet...

**XTRO**

XTRO (ek strô) n. Scientific jargon for extraterrestrial creature.



and don't let anyone tell you different.

So that's how it began. My first day in Cannes '82 and I'm suddenly back in Cannes '80.

## GUEST STAR

Next time I see *Starburst*—it's guest-starring in a movie. Not, alas, the best

movie in town, but David Winters' *The Last Horror Film*, made mostly in Cannes last year, with Caroline Munro and Judd Hamilton (both dubbed into American, for some odd reason. I thought Judd was American). In the first scene after the credits (and the delicious topless lady being electrocuted in her jacuzzi in the pre-credit intro), there's Joe Spinell, taking five, in his New York taxi... and reading *Starburst*!

Hmm, yes but, he's reading issue 38 with Caroline sharing the cover and my Paris colleague Avram Effert's reportage inside on the making of *The Last Horror Film* in Cannes this time last year.

Does tend to spoil the credibility (!) of what follows in a movie when, early on in the movie, you see the leading man of the movie reading an article about how the movie he's in—and has barely started—was made... if you follow my drift!

## DEJA VU

Come to that it's somewhat bizarre watching a movie I kept running into on every street corner and hotel stairway at Cannes last time here. At least, it proves that director David Winters and company did have film in those cameras. I'll be reviewing *The Last Horror Film* as soon as I decipher my notes. Meanwhile, I must add that the *deja vu* continued as soon as I opened Michele Elizebeth's neat Press kit on the film and found all the paper work included a xerox of an interview of mine with Caroline Munro as published in the sadly kaput *Films Illustrated*. That was a 1980 Cagnes interview, too!

## QUEST FOR HIRE

The good-looking Jean-Jacques, by the way, was serving on the 35th Cannes jury—along with Geraldine Chaplin, Sidney Lumet and others. Difficult to run him down for a chat here, therefore. Pity! I'd love to know what he thought of the news that Wilfred Dodd's Gold Productions of Paris are shooting a video and cable-TV only sex-movie (probably porno as Gerard Kikoine is directing) called... In *Quest of Love*. The poster, signed by a certain Covallout, looked like amateur toilet-graffiti. Not quite the hypeerae phoned in: "the discovery of physical (sic) pleasure by prehistoric man."

# THINGS TO COME



## MILES O'WORK

Miles O'Keefe ("yes," he underlines "two e's and two f's") is the busiest star in Europe—the most repeated face, figure and name on posters in Cannes. Having rejected a lot more jungle capers and various tv series in Hollywood after *Tarzan The Ape Man*, he's decided to give Europe a fling. He will have made four movies before the year is out. Including one with Sean Connery.

Obviously enough after Terz, Miles is stripped down to his essentials in most of these flicks, which explained his enormous pleasure in lending the SAS part. He'll be sporting suits as well-cut as the one he toured his lunch in.

Needless to say, so I'll say it all the same, Miles O'Keefe will be telling *Starburst* more about SAS and his other post-Terzen movies within a matter of months in my exclusive Cannes interview with him. (He does, by the way, have a very good voice).

His encounter with Connery is *Swords of the Valiant* (ex-Sir Gawain and *The Green Knight*), to be directed in the autumn as an up-market re-make of his earlier version by our own Stephen Weeks. That's part of the ever bulging Cannon Group package, which also features the two Sybil movies (Be patient, I'll get to her). At least, O'Keefe gets to wear some emour in that one. For Rome's *Adam and Eve*, he's naked as a jaybird—or a jaybird in a figleaf. He then has bigger swords and some duds as *Ator, The Fighting Eagle*, another Roman quickie, indeed another of the innumerable rip-offs of what, in Italy at least, must be the movie of the year...

## BARBARIANS

In short—the barbarians are coming. Lots of them! Although not quite so many as it first appeared in Cannes, when one realised that one Medusa production in Rome had two different examples of ad. ert on display. There's still more than enough around... maybe Milton Subotsky should have second thoughts about *Thongor*? It's now or never, Miltie.

Connery has been top of the movie pops since it opened in Italy. Even before that, the Italian film-makers (or, copy-cats) were scurrying through studios' dusty wardrobe departments to find enough swords and shields and suchlike from the '50s to help them cash in on the *Milvus* movie.

Top of the pile—in that, if nothing else, it is finished; who knows about the fate of the others—is Miles O'Keefe as David Hills' *Ator, The Fighting Eagle*, opposite a very Sandehti Bergmenish Sabrina Siani. They're both impressive in their sword fights including one splendid fantasy sequence where O'Keefe's Ator tackles a foe which is a monstrous shadow...

Best ad ert (who knows about the movie?) belonged to Medusa's *Ironmaster*, a Franco-Italian trip, pitting two "stupendous physical specimens"





# THINGS TO COME

nemed Vood end Ele against each other end still in search of a director since Umberto Lenzi quit the project. Perhaps he didn't want to anglicise his name in the spaghetti-Western and now spaghetti-beefcake fashion. This one has a few nods in the director of *Quest For Fire* as well in the protagonists' discovery or ornaments. Vood is *The Ironmaster* as he learns how to fashion swords from iron. But Ela proves the reel winner—even with something as puny as a bow and arrow.

Then we have Peter McCoy in the title role of... you sure you're ready for this... *Gunan, King of the Barbarians*. I kid you not. Promise! This is a Franco Prosperi film. I'm not sure how it will, er, prosperi... Dino De Laurentiis will surely not let 'em get away with such a blatantly ripped title. (They have a spare in case he chokes on his pizze: *Gunan The Invincible*. Except I think it's the *Gunan* bit Dino will be rushing to his lawyers about).

Peter McCoy's co-star is yet another Sandeh-ish blonde number, Diane Roy, end the (oh no!) Eureka Films ad art epeers to have also purloined the exact same sabre-toothed tiger from O'Keeffe's film ed. Just to muddle you (you? what about me?) further, I've only just noticed that in the black-and-white version of the Miles O'Keeffe film type, his leading lady—Sabrina Siani, remember?—is billed as... Diane Roy, too. That's either a mistake end Italian posters are riddled with them) or she's in both end changed, anglicised her name to protect her... innocence?

Hang on—there's one more... schlock horror-king Lucio Fulci, about the busiest director in Rome with three films to make between July and next March, is scheduled, end August, to start shooting *Mace, The Outcast*. You want all the hype, as well? Okay then... "His mother was a princess... His father a barbarian..."

Wonder which pert Diane Roy plays?

## CONAN-FU

And indeed one more. Sort of. The Conan influence has ever spread to the chop-socky world of the Kung fu movies. After all the Bruce Lee rip-offs—Bruce Li, Bruce Lei, Bruce Lie, etc.—the star of Yuan Kuei's *Ninja in the Dragon's Den*, "bigger than Jackie Chan," I was told, happens to be a sturdy fellow with rock-hard hands and Marsha Hunt hair, answering to the name, of the credit of... Conan Lee.

## MORE SWORD PLAYS

As well as all the Conans, Italy is doing its best to catch up with John Boorman's *Excalibur* by rushing to the other great sword-wielder of classic history, Siegfried. July saw the start of shooting on Peter Newton's movie, *Siegfried the Nibelung*, end come October, Lucio Fulci starts work on the past meeting the future in *The Sword of Siegfried*.

I mentioned both ventures to Sybil



Danning and she laughed. As well, she might. All Siegfried movies, old or now, pale into insignificance after seeing Sybil's vary nude American-German sex-comedy version from my old Los Angeles pal, David F. Friedman, the onetime King of the Ghoulies. Fortunately, Dave looked in on Cannes long enough to remind me of the title... **The Long, Swift Sword of Siegfried** (1971). "You hafta remember," he laughed, "thet sword meens something else in American slenguage." That it does.

Trying hard to cash in return of the sword, by the way, was the less exploitative German-Irish production of **Tristan and Isolde**, shot in Boorman's Ireland a couple of years back, in English, with Christopher Waltz and Antonio Praser as the famous lovers; and Brits like Leigh Lawson and Peter Firth guest-starring. That one obviously didn't sell under its ranowned title, so it was back on offer this time with a new title and ertwork to match. **Fire and Sword**. Very Milisun.

## HERCULES I and II?

This whole comeback of the mighty, musclebound hero with the big sword (of metal, that is) and matching pectorals has also caused Italian interest in revamping Steve Raaves' old **Hercules** films. As reported here before, **The Incredible Hulk** that was, Lou Ferrigno, is starring as this year's **Hercules** in Rome.

At least that was the story when I arrived in Cannes. By the time I squeezed into the crowded Cannon Group conflag for Lou and his delicious co-star Sybil Danning (told you wa'd get back to har), the solo project had grown. They're making two movies about now, shooting them back-to-back in the Salkinds' fashion of **Three/Four Musketeers** and **Superman I/II**... at least, I think.

I have to admit to being in something of a Cannes daze about the correct titles and indeed shooting order of the twin set. Cannon co-chief Manaham Golan's announcement that the one film had become two surprised me so much, I was actually moved to ask a question et e Press conference, which is something unheard of from me. (I usually guzzle the champers, look and listen—why should the rest of the world's Press get my/our answers?) Joining the newly-bearded Lou and his wife for a late lunch some days later put things into perspective... all the more so when Sybil arrived, too.

"The first film I'm doing is **The Seven Magnificent Gladiators**," says Lou, who (like Miles O'Keefe) can talk, contrary to all those stories of him being a deaf mute. (Well, if you caught his dual role Hulk episode, **King of the Beach**, you know this). "The second one is **Hercules**. Two different kinds films. We're shooting 'em in Naples, Rome, Pompeii, all over. They're both fantastic ideas as films to make for that tremendous audience I have got from **The Hulk**."

"Hercules has never been done in

depth before—and that's what we're doing. He'll go through the **The Twelve Tasks** with lots of special effects—fighting dragons, dealing with thunderbolts. To prove I'm a mortal man. It'll be like **Superman**! And for once I'll be visible as Lou Ferrigno." (That's pronounced with a hard g, by the way).

Mrs Lou looked on admiringly; well, she is his manager. "The world needs a

hero," she adds. "And Lou is it." Pause. "Don't get Lou's film confused with the updated version..."

## HERCULES III and IV!

As if I would... The Cannes rumour what that **Conan** himself will end up doing box-office battle with his old pumping iron rival, Lou, by taking the

title role in **Hercules in New York 1984**. Personally, I doubt it. Arnold Schwarzenegger can sit pretty until John Milius has finished his **Conan II** script. Arnold plainly has little need to go jumping into some other big hero fantasy. (Besides he's already made a documentary film with that title).

I could be wrong though. The **Hercules** up-date will need a name star



## GLE -



because—wouldn't you know—behind them is yet another modernising the hefty one. **Hercules 2000.** Joseph Fry Hercules coming back from or at least rising from a tut Ostia—and having various in both the Rome and New else?) of 2000 AD. The CIA the act. But not SAS!

## JUNGLE JANE

What with **Sheena**, **Conner's Bond**, a film she's preparing to produce and her double-act with Lou Ferrigno, Sybil's quite a hit in Hollywood. Her success there, so she tells me, is all concerned with her getting thin. Only in the right places, I'm pleased to testify. Well, there's no way of missing them. They almost became part of lunch.

because—wouldn't you know it!—right behind them is yet another Italian rip-off modernising the hefty one, **The Saga of Hercules 2000**. Joseph Fryd's script has Hercules coming back from the dead—or at least rising from a turbulent sea at Ostia—and having various adventures in both the Rome and New York (where else?) of 2000 AD. The CIA even get into the act. But not SAS!

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# THE VIDEO SCREEN

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## Feature by Tony Crowley

*"Science fiction acts as a guide to help people cope with the present. It should sharpen our concern and ability to handle current problems. It shouldn't be used just as escape. Science fiction is now deeply involved in the reality of today which is always passing into tomorrow. And it's tomorrow we have to control if we are to survive."*—the late Philip K. Dick

I rather doubt if Hollywood sees it that way. In fact, I know it doesn't. And I'm not that sure about Ridley Scott, either. One reason he wanted to make **Blade Runner**, according to Harlan Ellison, is that the British director figured time is ripe for a John Ford of the sf movies, and why not him. For Film City, sf—only lately resurrected from the Z-movie

zone, by George!—has little to do with Big Artistry or even The Big Truth. (Let alone, posing The Big Question). It's simply big bucks. Jumping on the Lucas bandwagon and making a killing while the going's good and when the going's gone, hell, well, there'll be another fad, Myron.

It's called grabbing the **Friday The 13th** crowd,

# BLADE RUNNER





turning Savini loose and who gives a monkey's about the real sf buffs out there, and all those zillions lelely turned on to actually reading the stuff... and, of course, to hell with the authors they assassinate on-screen. That, at least, is the gospel according to Dino de Laurentiis. And he's still due to make *Dune*. The mind boggles... no, it trembles!

And that is why a lot is riding on *Blade Runner*. It has one of the finest state-of-the-artisans crews—Ridley Scott, Harrison Ford, Doug Trumbull, Syd Mead and other names which may be new to you ere ere about to be unfolded. It is a serious movie, for all its thrills and spills and Spinner flying-cars (and, no doubt, Spinner flying toys). It could—it should—it

must take Hollywood sf out of *The Black Hole* of trying to print money and herald a new direction. It didn't start that way but looks like achieving it at the end of the thirteen year span since the original novel was published. And please note: that book was Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* and not Alan E. Nourse's sf book, *Blade Runner*. Having hit on Nourse's title by chance as the movie's monicker (a vast improvement on the original idea of *Dangerous Days*), the handle has been leased from

him. (What that does to the paperback market is anyone's guess and I'll let our *Book World* department sort it out for you).

Whatever the title, there has been quite a battle to make the movie at all, and the in-fighting didn't quite terminate once shooting began. The production comes replete with all the inevitable "hot", "informative" and "authoritative" rumours of fights between director Scott and author Dick, of endless scripting sessions, re-writes, doctoring, changes ("you can't cut the ambulence, demmit, it's already been built!"). Of rows within rows, rumour within rumour—such as Harrison Ford's private eye-cum-bounty-hunter or indeed, rep-detect, aka, blade runner, supposedly being an android as well as his quarry.

In short, all the usual angst and ego power-play which makes—or breaks—any movie.

Philip K. Dick, himself, in one of his final interviews before his tragic death in early 1982, told of the horrors or reeding the first screenplay. **Philip Marlowe Meets The Stepford Wives**, he called it—with a Mickey Spillane flourish of a finish!

But then again, it was Dick, too, who went over the moon, any moon, and was even moved to tears by the brilliance of the final shooting script, as polished by David O. Peoples. At last, it seemed to Dick, that someone who had not merely read the book, but understood it, had a hand in finalising the scenario.

The movie is not the novel. Of course not. What film is? But the novel is there, all the time, and script and novel reinforce one another according to the man who knew best. The author.

On the face of it, *Blade Runner* is just a private-eye number set somewhat in the future. Harrison Ford is Rick Deckard, brought back from early retirement to track down (ie, kill) six runaway androids. Except, they're not androids, as such. The film (thanks to scripter David Peoples's chemistry-major daughter, Lisa) calls them "replicants". They are the finest example of genetic engineering—all but human beings manufactured to do the heavy work in colonising planets. These renegades want their freedom and are infiltrating the very company that made them. Deckard checks the fake from real humans with a weird gadget—a super-puter and a very advanced lie detector in one—and the hunt is on in an unsettling futura version of Los Angeles (the film's crew dubbed it: *Ridleyville*).

Dutch star Rutger Hauer, from *Nighthawks* and *Chanel Solitaire* (nobody's perfect) is the roughest replicant. Sean Young, from *Stripes*, is the loveliest, and enigmatic enough for Deckard to fall for her and wonder is she is or she isn't... They're named, too, not numbered. Roy Batty and Rachel.

Below face-value, there is more. Much more. "The main theme," outlined Philip Dick, "is that in fighting evil, one can become evil. Deckard hes to do so many terrible things to hunt down the replicants that he... becomes more and more dehumanised and the replicants become more and more human. That is the tragedy. And that is the warning in the book and the film. We must be very careful how we go about defeating our enemies or we may wind up just like them."

See what I mean? Adult sf. It's not *2001* (it's an exceedingly grim 2020) and it's not *Alien*. Fortunately, it's not *Flash Gordon* or *Galaxy of Terror*, either. Indeed, the younger audience (and the violence, lest I heard, was being toned down to make sure that half price seats would be available) may well be put off by Harrison Ford looking mean and ecting rather than baby-sitting cute robots. But that's all to the good. Movie sf has got to grow up and become as mature as sf books. ►

# BLADE RUNNER



And these are the people doing just that—unless my optimism is misplaced. As with most films of our genre, the real stars are not necessarily those we see on-screen, but the faceless members of the lumpy list of credits up-front. And I'm sure Harrison Ford will not object if we allow them, now, their hour of glory. They're earned it.

PHILIP K. DICK, as I will not tire of repeating, is *The Author*. A most humane of writer, he remains an influence on the genre. He was never moved by Hollywood glitter, not by the prospect of merely surrendering his books for the big bucks. Three of his stories are due out as movies within the next twelve months. His main advice (or plea) to all the directors, writers and effects designers involved was short and simple, given any writer's understandable distrust of

The Hollywood System: "All I ask you is that you do not drag me down to ruin with you."

First to buy and option was Herb Jaffe, the former literary agent who produced John Milius' first movie, *The Wind and The Lion* (1975). Donald Cammell's *Demon Seed* (1975) and, more recently, his friend Nicholas Meyer's excellent *Time After Time* (1979).

Robert Jaffe, co-scripter of *Demon Seed*, completed the first script of the *Androids* book in 1973. He used a pseudonym and endorsed Dick's concern about Hollywood. Jaffe had spooled the book into something akin to a *Get Smart* episode.

Next in line, come 1975, were writer Hampton Fancher (first husband of Sue Lyon, Kubrick's *Lolita*) and his production partner, Brian Kelly. That they were turned on by the book is self-evident. They had

to wait three years until the Jaffe option ran out, before they could pick it up and shop around town looking for a backer. British producer Michael Deeley (*The Deer Hunter*) turned them down twice until Fancher completed a full script in a year. Then the movie became a go-proposition at the Filmways combine . . . and Ridley Scott joined the team, with Fancher and Kelly as executive producers.

None of which exactly sent Philip Dick into raptures. He thought Fancher's first script was a simple shoot-'em-up. ("The novel had a lot of impossibilities as far as movie-making goes," said the scenarist). Dick wasn't that high on our greet Scott, either, saying that *Alien* "had no new ideas end just got by on special-effects." (If he'd ever read my interview with one of the *Alien* writers, David Giler, in



**Starburst 41.** Dick would have realised how much Scott had accomplished with such a gross-out scenario).

Ridley Scott, however, was much taken by Fancher's work—"one of the most striking scripts I've ever read." Chances are that Scott and Dick were not discussing drafts during the period of trying to set up the movie and accommodating various studios' and later Scott's changes. These drafts included a happy ending for Deckard and Rachel, plus the Mickey Spillane bit (where Deckard talks her into suicide) which appalled Dick so much.

The author, therefore, was less than upset when the Filmways company, already five million dollars into the game, fell apart at the seams and had to back off from this project and several others by the end of

1980. The film, slated back then for a June 1982 opening, seemed to be clobbered; few companies rush to rescue some other outfit's stymied projects.

Mike Deeley scurried around some thirteen other companies but not even his *Deer Hunter* Oscar or Scott's *Alien* box-office rep. could win a deal as high as the \$22m dollars required. Or not when Hollywood was in a state of basketcase illness called *Heaven's Gate*. "There was an appallingly unsympathetic atmosphere," recalls Deeley. The "exciting nightmare" continued, until he got the finance from two sources—Tandem Productions and, perhaps the obvious backer, Alan Ladd's Company. Alan Ladd Jr., when head of 20th Century-Fox production, had begun the rise of the fantasy film curve by greenlighting *Star Wars* and then, *Alien*. "Dur

previous experience with Ridley Scott had been very successful," he explained, "and this material is great."

News to Philip Dick, of course. Except he didn't find out until February 1981 that writer-editor David Peoples had been reworking Fancher's script since the previous November at Filmways. When he read that version, Dick was ecstatic. The film finally had a coherent storyline.

David Peoples, by the way, insists that Hampton Fancher's script was terrific. It's all a matter of which Fancher draft that Dick happened to read. The two scenarists, therefore, soon became a mutual admiration society. Because of a new foe... the director.

RIDLEY SCOTT is the director. He gave up his EMI plans to make *Knight* (later picked up and the discarded by his *Alien* co-producers, Walter Hill and David Giler) in order to make *Blade Runner*. And, as

time went by, he had to pass up *Dune* to *Elephant Man*'s David Lynch, as well. He is, then, wholly committed to *Blade Runner*—and becoming adult sf's John Ford?

Both scriptwriters (and they're not alone in this) have called Ridley stubborn and dominating. He doesn't care. "Some people call me obsessive," he nods. "I'm not. I'm normal." Mike Deeley calls him "a visually oriented director, the like of which I've never encountered. He has an eye for detail and layering a scene, building a kaleidoscopic accumulation of detail on every inch of a set that is... amazing!"

As with all his ventures, he was in on *Blade Runner* from the very outset at Filmways. "That's so I can get in on the design end of things," he explains. He used to be a set designer at the Beeb and so he clearly knows what he wants. In fact, much of the production artwork for the film (after countless hours of discussing urban life 40 years from now) were painted by Scott, himself.

"The film is a real look at the environment of the future," he goes on. "That's what really fascinated me about it. The setting—2020—had to be an acceptable span of time to perfect genetic engineering which is a cornerstone of the plot. Once we did that, we looked to social change. We remember what the world was like 40 years ago and felt that the major changes visually were in advertising and automobiles. Clothes change cyclically and stay roughly the same, and they are the same way 40 years hence. We became aware of the depth of the energy situation and decided that buildings would no longer be torn down, instead things would be added on—the real confusion of style would indicate this intolerance of wastage."

LAWRENCE G. PAULL is the production designer. And as Lucasfilms' Britisher Norman Reynolds, Coppola's Dean Tavoularis, Losey's Richard MacDonald, Carpenter's Joe Alves, and obviously, the Bonds' Ken Adams have been proving, movies have become a production designer's world.

An architect and city planner before taking up films like *Bullitt*, Paul has a nightmare city for us in *Blade Runner*. Rather than being shot in any decaying American city of today, Paul got to play with the famous New York street set which has been there forever on the back lot of the Burbank Studios. You can see it in nearly all the old Bogie and Cagney gangster trips—and in La Streisand's *Funny Lady* and *The Way We Were*. Taint funny today: it's now the way we will be.

Urbania 2000 is dominated, as it probably will be, by the Asians and city life, whether it's New York, Chicago, Newcastle, London, Rome, Lille or Gothen City, will look a helluva mess. This is not the usual post-apocalyptic view of a town in a sf movie, it's simply Ridley Scott's view of life tomorrow, or the day after.

Demolition, like everything else, costs too much and so new skyscrapers are built on top of the old ones (how the foundations stand the extra weight, I don't know; they probably fill the basement with cement and the ground floor becomes the new basement... it'd probably sink a bit anyway). Cars are ugly, small. Taxis are more like tanks. Nothing is working that well. Traffic lights are replaced by tv monitors and the picture is lousy. The streets are



heaped with garbage and some people set up house in the gutters. Forget the majesty of (Vincent Korda's) tomorrow in *The Shape of Things to Come*, this is the reality of our future. Desperate. Dank. Dense. Dark. So dark, people have lighted tips on the end of their umbrellas.

"Cut! Dkay, umbrellas, turn off your lights," went the assistant director's odd cry after another take in the night shooting with more than 200 extras milling around. (*Blade Runner* was shot day and night, and with Scott directing on sequence, while another was made ready, all in an effort to finish shooting before last year's directors' strike.)

"The sets were designed with night shooting in mind," nods Larry Paull. (Enter the first of film noir.) "We decided to use additive architecture—build protrusions on to existing structures. We also brought the buildings right out to the curb, using large, bulbous columns."

Ask him just why exactly, and Paul shows that if you work with Ridley Scott, you end up sounding like Ridley Scott; or understanding him and his visual characterisations, at least. "There won't be much explanation of why... but the visuals will make a very strong statement about the way things are going."

Larry Paull also built 25 interior sets, including one

inside a giant industrial refrigerator at Downey, in California. "Normally, for a cold interior, you build the set on the sound stage at the studio," Paull explains, "cart in some phony snow and cardboard icicles and have refrigeration units off-camera with humidifiers blowing cool, wet air at the actors so you see their breath."

Scott dreamt up most of these touchas. Larry Paull built them. His co-magician, the real whiz of *Blade Runner*, designed them...

SYD MEAD is Hollywood's, if not America's highest-paid futurologist. He's a graphic artist and technological consultant for more than twenty years for Chrysler cars, Ford, US Steel and NASA. His fee is 1,150 dollars a day. No one balked at his price when Scott first contacted him. Ridley had been hunting up his film's effects unit in the Filmways days and met with John Dykstra—and John mentioned Syd Mead. As well he might...

Although only lately credited on screen for his film work, Syd Mead has been a major influence on all sci-fi movies since Alan Ladd went bananas over Ralph McQuarrie's initial production art for *Star Wars*. Syd and Ralph both studied at the Art Centre School. And since McQuarrie's boosting of his more industrially-occupied friend's visions (and the knockout collection

of those in Syd's *Sentinel* book in 1979), Hollywood has been forever knocking on his door.

At first, Ridley Scott contacted Mead to design Deckard's flying Spinner car, alone. Mead suggested an aerodyne, "an enclosed lifting system theory." His designs went further and soon took over the entire movie.

"I never like to sketch a vehicle on a blank page," he explains. "I'll toss in background settings." Having read the script and discussed the futuristic period with Scott, Mead's backgrounds matched their chat. Metropolis gone sour. Ridley adored these dank visions and asked for more street scenes of circa 2020. "Soon," laughs Syd, "I was doing everything from decorating apartment interiors to preliminary matte paintings." Eighteen months work at 1,150 dollars a day... and with 1.5 million bucks of the 22m budget to spend.

The Hollywood unions apparently did not like his salary. "Movies are fun to work on," said Mead, "but I haven't been a professional illustrator for twenty years just waiting for the big film. I must exact my going *per diem* rate regardless of whether my client is Volvo, American Motors or a movie company."

Despite his amazing street scenes, with the street level used as service access to the mega structures on giant pylons... his interior sets, such as Deckard's scruffy bachelor home, a Frank Lloyd Wright house, full of "trash-chic"... some machinery becomes the

star of the Syd Mead show.

Notably, Deckard's Spinner, a Harrier jump-jet of a car, but minus any of Jimmy Bond's fancy fold-away wings or propellers. "I envisioned the car as a standard vehicle-sized without rotating wings or weird skeletal appendages. That's too baroque. Too H.G. Wells! From working in the auto industry, I know that unwieldy folding propellers are too clumsy and will be discarded in the future."

He also knows—he's sure—we'll have 3,000 ft buildings in the near future, housing everything from shops to zoos. I can hear Irwin Allen's mind already—*The Towering Zoo Inferno*... wild animals on the loose in Macy's.

Nearly all of Mead's designs for the movie had a "retro-deco" effect. Cars, trains, even bridges look as if they've been simply re-modified, re-utilised beyond their original function or life-span; added to, rather like the buildings in the streets. Nothing looks new—which was, I seem to remember Ridley Scott's orders for everything and everyone on *Alien's* Nostromo. Everything is recycled and well worn.

"Sure," nods Mead. "In this way, intense pressure is visually suggested throughout the city and its occupants."

I don't know why he's smiling. He seems to be doing himself and or at least his successor out of a future occupation. If Mead, Scott and Paull are right about tomorrow, there will be no place for a futurist designer like Mead. His job would merely be to modifying or restructuring existing elements.

Mastery Mead edmits defeat, however, when it came to designing armaments. His pistol ideas were dropped, until suddenly used, upside down, as telephones! He also tried his hand at mattes, though left the final versions to the master of that field, Matt Yuricich, Doug Trumbull's partner in the Entertainment Effects Group, which supplies the film's effects—such as making the Spinner Fly, the new 'scrapers to the old, creating the Tyrell Corporation's Pyramid and the industrial area known as Hades.

With Ridley Scott overseeing all, Mead worked extremely well with Larry Paull. In fact, with Paull being an ex-city planner and Mead wishing, some day, to have a city built from his design ("not Ridleyville!"), they should team up.

Clearly, this won't be Syd Mead's last movie, or as he puts it, constructing alternative realities for films. "That's what movies have always been—en alternative reality."

All this, then—and all these—add up to Ridley Scott's view of our future. What Philip K. Dick, once his ecstasy was up, called and hoped would be magic time! Dramatic and intellectual. Will you welcome, please, edit sf ●





This month, *Starburst* (in collaboration with Dennis Davis Associates, Warner Brothers and the Ladd Company) offers a special treat to its readers. A free preview of the forthcoming Ridley Scott science fiction masterpiece, *Blade Runner*. The film opens on September 8th, but you can see it on August 15th.

All you have to do is clip the coupon and turn up at any of the cinemas listed below. The coupon admits one person only. So if you want to bring your friends and family, they will have to have coupons too!

The cinemas are:

West Gate Road Cinema, Newcastle.

Bristol Road 2 Cinema, Birmingham.

ABC Shaftsbury Avenue, London.

At each venue the doors open at 10.30 am and the film begins at 11.00. No one can be admitted after the beginning of the film.

# BLADE RUNNER PREVIEW TICKET

*This ticket is not transferable and must be presented in order to gain entrance to the preview. The management reserves the right to refuse admission at its own discretion.*

*A Ladd Company release in association with Sir Run Run Shaw through Warner Brothers. A Warner Communication Company. A Jerry Perenchio and Bud Yorkin Presentation of a Michael Deeley - Ridley Scott Production.*

**ADMIT ONE** to the *Starburst* Preview at 11.00 am (doors open 10.30 am) on Sunday 15th August 1982 in the ABC Shaftsbury Avenue, London *OR* Bristol Road 2 Cinema, Birmingham *OR* West Gate Road Cinema, Newcastle.

Harrison Ford in 'Blade Runner'.

Executive Producers **BRIAN KELLY & HAMPTON FANCHER**

Screenplay by **HAMPTON FANCHER & DAVID PEOPLES**

Produced by **MICHAEL DEELEY** Directed by **RIDLEY SCOTT**.

# SHARK

Review by Alan Jones

Under its American release title of *Great White*, *Shark* has just had a successful injunction brought against it by Universal preventing any further showings. The reason for this is that they felt it was too substantially similar to their film, *Jaws*. In actual fact, they should have been tipped off from the moment they saw producer Edmondo Amati's name on the credits. Amati has the habit of following hot cinematic trends, and although a bit too late in the day with this really, you'll recall his rip-off of *The Exorcist* called *The Antichrist* and his version of *The Omen*, *Holocaust 2000*. *Shark* isn't anywhere near as lamentable as those two previous efforts, but its now over-familiarity does work against it. However, I have to admit to having an irrational fear of anything that could be threatening, submerged in water. Not just sharks of course, but they are the obvious example and I have been known on holiday to leap out of the sea with a sheer unexplainable dread that must appear ridiculous to other people. So with a film like *Jaws*, and even *Tentacles*, *Barracuda*, *Tintoreria*, *Piranha*, etc, I am all too susceptible indeed.

In *Shark*, for the Roy Scheider character read James Franciscus and for Robert Shaw read Vic Morrow, who has a hilarious waivering accent throughout, and you literally have a remake of the *Jaws* formula.

The coastal resort of Santa Marta is the setting and the townspeople are about to host a windsurfing regatta when one of the competitors goes missing while practising in the ocean. All that can be found of him is a piece of his broken surf board with huge teeth marks embedded in it but this isn't enough to convince Governor Wells to halt the festivities. When the shark attacks again it is while the race is in full swing and as the Governor's aide meets his watery death various parties independently decide to go in search and destroy it.

There's the news team who want to bring the event into every American's living room by filming never before recorded close-ups.

There are the group of well-meaning teenagers whose childish enthusiasm comes to an abrupt halt when one of their number has her leg bitten off.

There is the Governor himself who attempts an aerial attack in a helicopter with suitably disastrous results. Any similarity here with *Jaws 2* is, I'm sure, purely coincidental.

Then there's the winning team of Franciscus and Morrow even though the latter gets himself swallowed whole enabling Franciscus to detonate the dynamite belt strapped to his waist.

The shark sequences are achieved by using a rubbery mechanical model, which can only really do one trick, intercut by some very grainy stock footage.

Notwithstanding the shark attacks all choreographed to a subdued disco beat, they do contain the prerequisite frightening aura. *Shark* is well made, in fact all the technical credits are top notch, but it is hard not to be anything but indifferent towards it. You pay your money and you take your choice ●



# THE BOND 'CON'!



**Report by John Brosnan**

**Photographs by Joyce Agee**

**T**his year's James Bond convention, organised by the James Bond British Fan Club, was held at the Wembley Conference Centre in late April and among the guests were several people who have been involved with the Bond movies over the years. One was Art Director Syd Cain who worked on the very first Bond film, *Dr No* and whose association with producer Cubby Broccoli goes all the way back to the 1950s (he was art director on several of Broccoli's

Warwick Films). Cain confessed that when he was working on *Dr No* (among other things he built the laboratory set) he had no idea he was in at the beginning of something Big. In fact, he even turned down the chance of a percentage of the profits!

Also present was Christopher Wood, script writer on *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Moonraker* who made it clear that the blame for some of the more absurd moments in the latter film could not be laid at his door.

Back again for a return visit was the jovial Maurice Binder, the man responsible for all the credits sequences in the Bond movies (and others). As his working day seems to consist of filming naked models hour after

hour it's no wonder he's so jovial. He was accompanied by Peter Hunt who edited all the early Bonds as well as directing a lot of the 2nd Unit material. He also directed the ill-fated *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* which marked the end of his connection with the series though the film itself is now considered to be one of the best of the Bonds by Bond fans...

Other guests included author John Gardner, author of *License Renewed*, comic artist John McLusky who draws the Bond strip, and actor Fred Haggerty (he was the one who got shot while trying to escape through Anita Ekberg's mouth in *From Russia With Love*...). ●

America loves **Star Trek**. Since the first tv episode premiered on September 8, 1966 it has continued to grow in popularity and now has a cult following known as "Trekkies".

Growing up in California, my childhood was not complete without daily episodes, following the unbelievable adventures of James T. Kirk and his crew on their 5 year mission into space on the beloved "Enterprise". To boldly go where no man (or ratings) have gone before.

That was the sixties and, of course, the show didn't contain today's wizard effects and feats.

Anyway, the show continued to be popular and today is aired in over one hundred US cities and 150 additional markets.

The **Star Trek** phenomenon lives on.

**Star Trek the Movie** (number 1) was met with mixed reactions—the fans were overjoyed to see their hero and his modernised crew (remember Persis Khambatta who went bald headed after the part?) fight the forces of evil. But studio executives also ended up tearing their hair out over the budget. Exact figures are vague but 40 million dollars plus is the minimum they will admit to.

## Starburst interview with **ROBERT SALLIN**

"Keep the budget in control," was the first thing the Producer of **Star Trek**, Robert Sallin, was told.

Not only had Sallin produced a Trekkie movie giving us the best story yet, bring it in under budget at just over 10 million (Hollywood chicken feed), but also he had supervised the design of all special effects as well—a whole different kettle of starship.

**Starburst:** Is this really your movie debut?

**Robert Sallin:** Well, yes! It's my major feature debut as a producer.

**Why were you trusted with this film?**

Well, I'll have to go back a bit. I went to UCLA film school 30 years ago, before film schools were popular. I met a man called Harve Bennett and we worked together on a number of productions at that time. Over the years he has come into my life very importantly, particularly when I had decided to start my own commercial production company as a producer and director. As soon as I had my office facilities and staff in place, out of the blue, Harve called (he was then Vice-President of programming at ABC) and he offered me the job of director of New Program Development at ABC. I had many sleepless nights trying to decide and finally chose to go with my own company. For the





next 15 years he would come to me and ask me to direct a *Movie of the Week* or a show that he was producing and sometimes I did and sometimes I couldn't because of the commitments of my own company. So our lives have been interwoven for years.

In the case of *Star Trek* Harve had gone over to Paramount and was executive producer of *Star Trek II*, *Golda* (the three part movie for tv starring Ingrid Bergman that scored brilliant ratings) and a series called *The powers of Matthew Star* which will air on NBC this fall. So I was at a time where I felt that after 15 years and over 16,000 commercials, I was really ready to expand my horizons and move on to longer form. Just when I was pondering what to do, again, Harve called and mentioned the idea of producing *Star Trek II*. This time I thought—"I'm going to do it." So we at last got together and it's been a very happy experience. *The main appeal of the film—will it be special effects or story?*

In our film I think it's primarily the story. We never envisioned doing a picture that was trickery for its own sake. It was to be a picture of human dimensions and conflicts—enhanced by special effects.

*How is the story of Star Trek changing and*



*developing in this movie?*

The difference in feeling is that this feature relates more to the series. It doesn't relate at all to *Star Trek—the Movie*. In feel, look, style and everything else this is a story about human beings with their conflicts and emotions. Of course we do have some rather extensive special effects—that integrate perfectly and are very handsomely done. Our thrust was always to make a cracking good story—about people.

*Did you do the special effects at the same time as the live action shooting?*

(He laughs)

Yes—I was a young man when I started this project! Well, we had our start date pushed back a number of times and we hadn't yet selected a director, so what happened was—as the script was being worked on by Harve and myself—I was also working with my art director, Mike Minor, and starting to design all the special effects. Because I've done so much directing it's easy for me to visualize what would be required. In the commercial production field I had dealt with a wide variety of film technique that a normal director from T.V. or features would not encounter in his spectrum. In commercials we're always moving things around or





making magic things happen. So I drew on a vast and varied reservoir of film techniques.

So what happened was that the art director and myself designed all of the special effect sequences before the director was even hired. Our director joined us approximately two months before the beginning of principle photography and he knew with that kind of scheduling he would have to leave that area to me. I would execute the special effects and advise him on the integration of the material with the live action shots that he would be making.

In fact, the two projects pursued parallel courses and I was once a week on a plane supervising the execution of all the material.

At the same time I was responsible for all the conventional responsibilities of a producer—the story, the set design, the costume and the budget.

*How did you manage to reduce the budget by 20 million dollars?*



Again drawing upon a background that incorporated being an agency corporate executive and running addepartment with running a small production company and being a director. It all synthesized into focus on this project. Then I applied good business management with film knowledge and experience. Knowing a lot about special effects, a lot about film making, and the craft in general. But mainly what it means to run a



business.

*Does the business always come first?*

Well, it does, because it can get totally out of control budget wise.

*Like another Heaven's Gate?*

Well, I don't want to cite any example but we know what can happen if a strict business is not observed. I had meticulously drawn sketches, everything was plotted on charts exactly what elements went into every special effects shot—and there were over 200 of them. Really, preparation is the key word.

*The cast were such an established family—did you feel like an intruder?*

Yes, I felt like a newcomer in that sense. But they were a delightful family. At different times they expressed their joy at working with me—Independantly of one another. Leonard Nimoy called me "sensitive and receptive" to work with. Bill Shatner said this was the "finest and happiest experience" he's every had on a film. I was so delighted. At



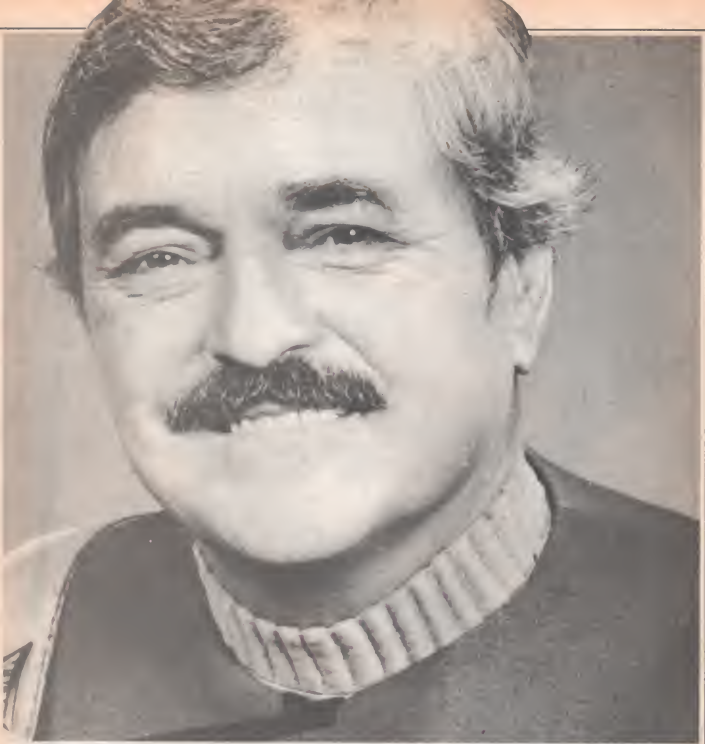
the cast party a bit-player told me "when you came on the set—everything became very calm". I guess that was my job to keep everything calm. Ha!

So it was a very complex, happy experience.

*What is the moment of success, when you know you've achieved something? The final shot? The first screening?*

I think it comes in stages. You take satisfaction as it comes along the way—like spectacular dailies give enormous satisfaction, or I get a great boost from seeing the final shot of a special effect that I had conceived and had a vision of. Also when it goes up on that big screen and it's everything I had asked for—it gives me great pleasure. I think it develops. Selecting and getting a composer that I wanted, a twenty eight year old named James Horner—that was an exciting moment, because I'd wanted someone fresh, young, and energetic who▶





would bring a vision to it. This music is sensational—everything I wanted.

One of the great highs, of course, was the final cut of the film when you look at it and say "This is some terrific story."

*Would you consider doing a **Star Trek III** or a whole series?*

I don't know. I did have a good time. It was very enjoyable—but very difficult. There is serious discussion at Paramount about **Star Trek III**. The response has been so wonderful to this one already. Outside Kansas City the reaction was incredible. There were tears, cheers and applause. At the end of the movie the entire audience stood up and cheered. I've never experienced anything like that in my life.

*Why are so few films like **Star Trek II** being made? Are the studios afraid to risk the enormous budgets?*

I think that's part of it. The pressure of millions of dollars riding on one project is enormous. Also there are fewer films being made these days over all. Sure, costs have escalated so dramatically but in some cases unnecessarily. I feel we've proven something

with ours—it is the highest quality but the budget was around \$10 million.

*What kind of problems did you encounter with **Star Trek II**?*

Mainly the complexity of attempting to do two pictures simultaneously. I think I had six days off in a total of 14 months. I stole away and went skiing—which is my one great love. But that was it. I only felt happy about taking off as the principle photography was shot, my director was in the editing room, and my boys were all set on the special effects work.

*What participation did you have in the casting?*

That whole casting process was a team effort between Harve, Nick (the director) and myself. We interchanged a great deal in terms of evaluating and coming to decisions that were major issues in the film.

*How pleased were you with the end product? Very—the audience response was very gratifying.*

*What's next?*

Many projects to consider. I'm going to be going to Hawaii and our place in Idaho for many months to recuperate ●





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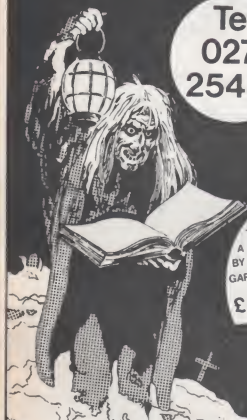
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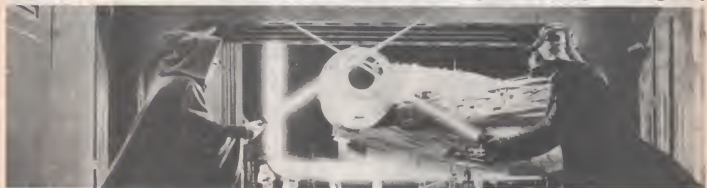
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# STAR WARS AND THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK!



## Review by Phil Edwards

**P**resenting two of the most successful films of all time together on one double bill would almost seem to present cinema-goers with an embarrassment of riches and a piece of film programming which gives what can only be described as superb value-for-money. But that's what Twentieth Century-Fox have done, and the four hour-plus programme has received saturation release in 400 cinemas to tie in with the kid's half term Summer holidays.

Who can forget the buzz of excitement with which *Star Wars* was first greeted, with queues around the blocks just for the opening day? I must admit to having seen both films several times (who said critics can't also be fans?) and yet I couldn't help but wonder how the two films would now look a few years on, what with all the advances in movie effects technology. Well, they look simply *GREAT*!

One of the complaints lodged against *Empire* was that the construction of the film was top-sided, with the most spectacular scenes taking place within the first twenty minutes and the rest being a mish-mash of seemingly disconnected scenes. Though I was never one to particularly agree with that theory, I could see the point so many made. However seeing the two films together, I was surprised how seamlessly the two features fitted together.

Certainly *Star Wars* retains its charming naïveté and the simple story occasionally seems too lightweight to support the pyrotechnics of the effects but, overall, it

holds up very well indeed. It still works! With John Williams' lushly beautiful score filling the Dolby tracks it's difficult not to be affected by the simple shot of Luke Skywalker standing outside his desert planet home as two moons rise in the night sky.

*Star Wars*' strengths in 1977 remain its strengths five years later. Peter Cushing brings a quiet villainy to his portrayal of Grand Moff Tarkin, barely able to control the psychopathic Darth Vader and all the action on the Death Star nicely compliments the other world adventures. Interestingly, many critics felt that the Death Star gave *Star Wars* a focal point missing from *Empire*, and reportedly a Death Star Mark 2 makes an appearance in *Revenge of the Jedi*. Never let it be said that George Lucas doesn't take notice of his critics.

But what still holds *Star Wars* together is the performance of Alec Guinness as Obi-Wan Kenobi. While the juvenile leads spend their time blasting away with lasers and generally revelling in derring-do, Guinness brings a veracity to his scenes which seems to contradict his comment at the time that he really didn't understand the script. Whether explaining the powers of the Force to young Luke or coolly dealing with a nutso-alien in the cantina scene, Guinness is a pure delight. I for one was disappointed that his return in *Empire* was as a ghostly second stringer to Frank Oz' Yoda. The good news is that good old corporeal Obi-Wan is back in *Jedi*.

I always preferred *Empire Strikes Back* to *Star Wars*, feeling that its more complex story and character development lent the film a greater depth than its predecessor. And

*Empire* still retains this atmosphere. Thanks to Peter Suschitsky's beautifully lit sequences, particularly the carbon freezing chamber on Bespin, I was genuinely surprised to find that the two films, when seen together, have a visual continuity which is quite unique to series films.

Perhaps the most exciting aspect of the double bill is that one can just immerse oneself in the world of *Star Wars* for over four solid hours. The action never lets up, and it is indeed like watching one long movie. Thrill again to the attack on the Death Star (which is in real time as opposed to movie time and contains over three hundred separate cuts in thirteen minutes); gasp with amazement when Darth Vader reveals to Luke that he is his father; boo Lando when he betrays Han, Leia and Chewie to the Empire; wonder at what happened to Vader for him to be so horribly scared; shudder with fright when Luke is confronted by his innermost fears in the swamp of Dagobah; be inquisitive as to why Yoda sounds like Fozzy Bear; be astounded at the technical expertise of Industrial Light and Magic's dazzling and non-stop effects.

There was a joke going around Hollywood a few years ago that went something like this: 'There's a boy in San Jose who has two dollars in his pocket, and George Lucas wants it!' Well, I don't know about San Jose, but here's a boy (and when it comes to *Star Wars*, I'm still a kid) in London whose got three quid in his pocket. As long as *Star Wars* (the saga, not the movie) keeps delivering such fabulous entertainment, then Mr Lucas is welcome to it! ●





Far left: Ricardo Montalban as Khan, a man obsessed with Kirk. Left: Leonard Nimoy returns once again as Spock, the half-breed Science Officer of the Enterprise. Below left: Kirk has to deal with the behaviour of ex-shipmate Chekov (Walter Koenig) and Terrell (Paul Winfield). Centre below left: The Enterprise engages the Rihannan, a devastating alien battle. Below left: Kirk is restrained by his shipmates, including McCoy (DeForest Kelley) and Ilia (Persi Fraley). Bottom left: Kirk and Ilia are seen on the Enterprise. Bottom right: Kirk is seen on the Enterprise. Bottom right: Kirk is seen on the Enterprise.





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Interview by Allen McKinnon



emerged from the cinema shocked and dismayed. How could they do it? How could they miss all the elements that made the tv series of *Star Trek* such a success? Sure, the special effects were fabulous. But special effects, no matter how special, do not a good movie make. Where was the conflict of personalities? Where was the strong bond between Kirk and Spock. Why wasn't Scotty having trouble with the warp engines? And those costumes . . . dear, oh, dear! I was concerned that perhaps Paramount had finished off the *Star Trek* legend once and for all. But, I thought, perhaps next time (if there is a next time) they'll get in a decent scripter and director and do it right. Perhaps *Star Trek 2* will be an improvement. And guess what? It is!

John Brosnan (who, incidentally, hated *Star Trek 2* and says so in his column, *It's Only a Movie*, elsewhere this issue) tells me that the crew on the film were Paramount's tv people rather than their film technicians. Perhaps that is why *Star Trek 2—The Wrath of Khan* feels so much like a return to the tv series. ►



There is so much to enjoy about the *Star Trek* feature film that is difficult to know where to begin. The film opens with a cliffhanging teaser just like the old days. The female Vulcan Captain, Saavik (Kirstie Alley), of *The Enterprise* is in the command chair when Uhura (Nichelle Nichols) picks up a distress call from a civilian ship. They are in the forbidden Neutral Zone, a no-man's land between the Klingon Empire and Federation territory. Saavik takes the decision to enter the Neutral Zone, but as the *Enterprise* approaches the damaged ship, three Klingon battlecruisers arrive on the scene and begin to pound the *Enterprise* into little pieces of space flotsam. The sequence is brilliantly handled. Especially when you realise there is a reason for the apparently appalling acting of Dr "Bones" McCoy (DeForest Kelley), Spock (Leonard Nimoy) and Uhura.

Pretty soon, the *Enterprise* is outward bound on a routine training cruise, manned by the *Star Trek* regulars, Saavik and a crew of inexperienced *Star Trek* cadets. As they amble sedately around the solar system, Chekov (Walter Koenig) is enjoying a tour of duty aboard the U.S.S. *Reliant* under the command of Captain Clark Terrell (Paul

Winfield). They are busy searching out an uninhabited planet for the testing of the Genesis device, the invention of Dr Carol Marcus, yet another woman from Kirk's past. The Genesis device is a kind of constructive bomb which wipes a planet clear of its geographical characteristics and replaces them with a kind of idyllic landscape. During this search they accidentally stumble across the planet of Khan (Ricardo Montalban). Khan is a product of 20th Century genetic engineering, a giant of physical and mental strength. He was marooned on the planet in the *Star Trek* episode, *The Space Seed*, by Kirk. Now, all these years later, Khan and his followers still nurture their hatred of Kirk and, with the arrival of Chekov, they have their opportunity for revenge. Khan seizes control of the *Reliant* and sets out in pursuit of his hated enemy—Captain James T. Kirk of the U.S.S. *Enterprise*.

The ensuing battle is a return to the original premise of *Star Trek*. Kirk is a kind of gunboat captain in hostile waters, cut off from his base and is forced to make life or death decisions on his own. Phaser fire has destroyed the *Enterprise's* warp capacity and Kirk must fight blind. The feeling is that of one of those

great World War II submarine dramas, in which the destroyer captain is never sure exactly where the submarine is lurking. The suspense of the space battle is superbly maintained. But the resolution of the battle is not the end of the picture. *Star Trek 2* still has several good surprises to deliver. And these surprises are milked for every ounce of sentiment and emotion.

On the minus side, the script does contain a few lines that had the audience I saw the film with groaning. For example, Kirk's quoting of "Tis a far, far better thing I do..." towards the end of the film had a few people tittering at what was quite a poignant moment. Another thing the preview audience found hysterically funny was the sight of the shattered body of Khan during the space battle between the *Enterprise* and the *Reliant*. I was at a loss to see what was so funny about a man with half his face ripped away. It looked pretty damn painful to me. If any of our readers can enlighten me on this point perhaps they could drop me a line at the *Starburst* office.

Many reviewers will probably criticise *Star Trek 2* for its melodramatic content. I would argue that the melodrama is its strength.



Above: Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) once again at the controls of the *Enterprise*. Below: Bones McCoy (De Forest Kelley) finds a nasty surprise aboard the space station.



Melodrama, when handled carefully, can be one of the most effective forms of storytelling. Certainly it was one of the ingredients that guaranteed the success of the original show and its absence doomed *Star Trek—The (Slow) Motion Picture*.

*Star Trek 2—The Wrath of Khan* is everything that the first *Star Trek* movie was not. It has strong plot development, good characterisation, and enough plot twists to keep even the most ardent *Star Trek* fan happy. George Lucas' effects company Industrial Light and Magic stand in for Trumbull this time out and do a superb job, though the effects are never allowed to get in the way of the story.

The film took over \$16 million in three days in the United States. A fine box-office start for a film that cost only \$10 million to make. The film will probably be well into profit by the time you read this. Which means that we are assured of seeing *Star Trek 3—In Search of Spock* in our cinemas in the not too-distant future. And if *Trek 3* is anywhere in near as enjoyable as *Trek 2*, then I will be among the first at the box-office. ●





## Preview by Phil Edwards

**W**ay back in **Starburst 23** I interviewed Stephen Lisberger while he was in England promoting **Animalympics**, a full-length feature pasted together from several shorts which Lisberger had made to be shown during the American televising of the Olympic Games. Despite its fragmentation **Animalympics** displayed Lisberger's talents as an animation director of considerable imagination. When I asked the young American about his next project he told me, "It's called **Tron** and is about a man who falls into, and becomes part of a computer."

At that stage **Tron** was to be a relatively low-budget, full-length animation feature, employing a certain amount of computer technology (Lisberger had made some experimental films with the famed pioneer of the technique John Whitney Jr) as well as back-lit animation a process which gives a more glowing, less flat result than standard overhead animation stand lighting.

But somewhere along the way **Tron** became something else. Picked up in pre-production by Walt Disney the movie is now a multi-million dollar live-action adventure and would appear to be yet another attempt by the Disney organisation to break into the adult fantasy film market. **The Black Hole** proved to be a stinker of monumental proportions and the co-production with Paramount, **Dragonslayer**, despite an "adult" ad campaign failed to click at the American box office.

Recently, **Tron** producer Donald Kushner was in London overseeing the recording of the score by Wendy (Walter) Carlos of **Clockwork Orange** and **The Shining** fame. I asked Kushner what sort of film **Tron** now was. "I think it's an action adventure picture in a futuristic fantasy setting. It is kind of tongue in cheek at times in the same way as **Raiders of the Lost Ark** and **Star Wars** are, although it's also very heavily effects-orientated. There's about fifteen minutes of computer generated images, there's about sixteen minutes of what we call the electronic world which was filmed in black and white and is going to be re-photographed and coloured again with black gels."

I asked Kushner how the story had developed with the move to a major studio and production.

"The story has evolved as the film has evolved. It's about a computer genius who gets drawn into a computer world and is sentenced to die as a video game player. Along with a couple of his cohorts he goes on an adventure to destroy the evil overlord of this new, electronic high tech world."

Of course a feature as complex as **Tron**, with its mixture of live action and animation effects must have had its problems. Kushner: "Yes, we've had a lot of problems everywhere, particularly trying to get the film done in time for a Summer (in USA, near Christmas for England) release. Just the sheer force of dealing with 750,000 elements and four or five hundred people working for

several months. And dealing on the edge of technology and not knowing where you're going to go. For instance, using computer-generated images."

With the knowledge that computer gaming is among the highest grossing entertainment industries, beating out even **Star Wars** in takings, I asked Kushner what sort of an audience he was looking for with **Tron**.

"We're not looking for a traditional Disney audience. I think it's going to hit more of the teenage market, from people in their early twenties through to people in their middle thirties. This film deals with a computer programmer who creates an alter ego in the programme he is creating. He interfaces with the computer. So we hope that as everyone's lives are touched by computers, then they will go to this film because it's dealing with that."

**Tron** boasts a fine roster of talent on the special effects side. As well as acting as associate producer, Harrison Ellenshaw is co-supervisor of special effects. After earning a degree in psychology in 1965, Ellenshaw apprenticed in the matte department at Disney under the guidance of his father Peter Ellenshaw. He has contributed matte paintings **The Man Who Fell to Earth**, **Star Wars**, **The Black Hole** and was part of the team that won the optical effects Oscar for **Empire Strikes Back**.

Assisting Ellenshaw in effects supervision is Richard Taylor who heads the Entertainment Technology Group at Information International Inc. Taylor's ►



## PREVIEW

# TRON

department is the design and programming of the computer animation seen in the film.

Backing up Ellenshaw and Taylor's special effects are a brace of top line visual consultants and designers. Jean 'Moebius' Giraud, one of the founders of *Heavy Metal* magazine has contributed to the design as has high-tech commercial artist Peter Lloyd. Also working on *Tron* is Syd Mead whose \$1500 a day salary obviously didn't phase the Disney organisation one bit. Mead is an industrial designer whose most recent cinematic accomplishment is *Blade Runner*, the brilliant new sf thriller from Ridley Scott.

*Tron* stars Jeff Bridges, David Warner (fresh from his triumph in *Time Bandits*), Bruce Boxleitner and Cindy Morgan ●



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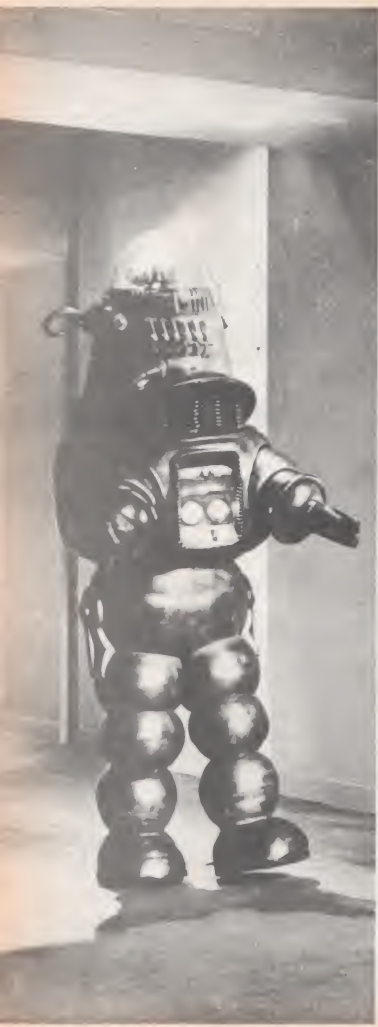
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Often during a movie the familiar cry will go up in the audience of "I know that face?" or "Isn't that so-and-so?". In fantasy films and on television this happens all the time, after all, the genre (up until recently) seemed to depend on a variety of character actors portraying a multitude of roles, ie, Cushing, Lee, Price, etc. There is, however, an interesting extension of this. One that concerns props and film sequences rather than people.

In 1955 for instance MGM produced a movie, in biblical splendour, entitled **The Prodigal**. Described by one film critic as "an excruciating load of Kitsch," Charles Schée and Richard Thorpe spent a fortune on sets and costumes, which, even with Lana Turner in the starring role could not be recouped at the box-office. When this happens, a film company is forced to re-use the props in other movies in order to get some of the money back.

One such prop was a giant statue claspng a snake in its talons, representing what seemed like a pot-pourri of the world's religions. George Pal found himself using the figure as a temple god in his 1961 film **Atlantis the Lost Continent**, also released through MGM. The film, in fact, is very disappointing with only some above-average special effects work and, as the race of Atlantis according to legend were considered by many to be scientific geniuses, the laboratory in the film featured a number of familiar looking objects—the force-field poles from MGM's earlier classic **Forbidden Planet** made in 1956 and a giant transparent dome fresh from a star role in Robby the Robot's second movie made in 1957 **The Invisible Boy**.

Scenes of Atlantis sinking below the waves were later re-used by Pal himself in a flashback sequence during the circus act in the 1964 film **The Seven Faces of Dr Lao** starring Tony Randell, and would you believe, crowd scenes in Atlantis were pinched from yet another MGM epic **Quo Vadis** made in 1951.

Films featuring dinosaurs used to be all the rage at one time, whether the Jurassic denizens cavorted about in their own time or were by some freak of man/nature transported into the twentieth century.

Hammer's **One Million Years BC** with Raquel Welch and John Richardson made in 1966 featured a hoard of dinosaurs seen for the first time on the screen and animated by efforts wizard Ray Harryhausen. However, in the 1971 sequel entitled **When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth** starring Victoria Vetri, the producer, Aida Young whose understanding of prehistoric animals was nonexistent, couldn't get her hands on Mr Harryhausen so settled instead for the expert model work of Jim Danforth. But this didn't prevent Hammer from taking one or two liberties with the movie's presentation. Promotion for the film featured a menacing tyrannosaurus on the poster, that not only didn't appear in the movie, but was actually "borrowed" from Neave Parker's artwork used by the British Museum of Natural History. Photos from **One Million Years BC** were used to illustrate the *Film Review* article on the movie and, sin of sins, an "unsqueezed" cinemascope sequence of two lizards kicking the hell out of each other from Irwin Allen's 1960 picture **The Lost World**, made a guest appearance which only helped to make a mockery of all the hard work that Jim Danforth had put into the project.

On the subject of Irwin Allen's **The Lost World**, stock footage from this movie has appeared in nearly every Allen related film or tv series ever since, especially the two dinosaurs battling it out on the edge of the plateau. Ignoring Willis O'Brien's plea to use

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stop-motion models for dinosaurs, the producers set about utilising real-life lizards and covering them in frills and spikes, shooting them at low angles and in slow motion so they would appear gigantic on the screen. Unfortunately, the script for the film is so banal, and actors Michael Rennie and Claude Rains so wasted in their roles, that when Professor Challenger exclaims "a Brontosaurus" and the camera shows what appears to be a komodo dragon with a triceratops neck frill and a tongue as long as a Chameleon's, every discerning audience runs shrieking from the theatre. The same lizards cropped up in two of Allen's *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (1964-68) episodes, including one entitled *Turn Back the Clock* which was almost a retelling of the story of *The Lost World*.

The classic 1940 Hal Roach film *One Million BC*, on which the later Hammer film was based, starred Victor Mature and Carole Landis and was also the victim of stock footage repeats. This particular version also used live reptiles for dinosaurs and these slow-moving creatures cropped up again in movies with budgets ranging from the low to the non-existent, *Valley of the Dragons* 1961 and *Tarzan's Desert Mystery* 1943 being two examples. In the 20th Century-Fox film *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* made in 1959 and starring James Mason, the publicists even took the liberty of showing pterodactyls on the American poster whereas the film itself featured none.

For the 1962 Cinemagic production *Reptilicus*, a low-budget dinosaur picture made in Denmark with some appalling special effects, the producers of the movie actually used drawings of Harryhausen's *Rhedosaurus* from *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* to illustrate the pressbook interior. Naughty as that may sound, when you compare the two movies, it's easy to see why.

In the film *Trog*, made in 1970 by Herman (Konga) Cohen, produced through Warner Brothers and starring Joan Crawford, a wierd ape-man (the missing link perhaps) is brought back to life and after experimentation produces pictures of its memory on a tv screen, we are witness to images of dinosaurs, roaming the earth courtesy of the Warner Bros picture *The Animal World* produced by Irwin Allen in 1955, with effects by Willis O'Brien.

Irwin Allen's shows have not only featured dinosaurs. In the 1965 film *Our Man Flint* directed by David Mann, some very scientific looking props turn up on a secret base concealed beneath an extinct volcano. These same props re-appeared regularly in Allen's tv series. In the 1951 Robert Wise film starring Michael Rennie, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, a superb flying saucer sequence heralds the arrival on earth of Klattu, a peaceful emissary from space. This same sequence cropped up in a first season episode of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* about hostile aliens, and Bernard Herrman's superb musical score was resurrected to provide background atmosphere during *Lost in Space*, particularly the two part story *the Keeper* which again starred Michael Rennie.

One item of Allen's scenic department that has worked overtime during his career are the sophisticated computer banks covered in winking lights, buzzing and clicking with activity. These impressive-looking props first appeared in sections aboard the *Seaview* and then they graced the right hand side of the Tick Tock laboratory in the Emmy award winning effects series *The Time Tunnel*. Since then they have turned up in Allen's tv pilot *The Time Travellers* 1976 and his two feature films, *The Towering Inferno* 1974 and *The Swarm* 1978. *The Swarm* a catastrophic





movie (in all senses of the term) about killer bees also featured, as an in-joke, a poster from *The Towering Inferno* that appears on the wall of a cinema in the town of Maryville.

The 1957 science-fiction film *Kronos*, about a giant robot from space, although very atmospheric in places, featured a special effects budget of two dollars fifty and any props that did feature, quickly found themselves on Allen's tv shows, including *Lost in Space*. Robby the robot from MGM's *Forbidden Planet* guest-starred in two episodes of *Lost in Space*. One story called *War of the Robots* (1965) in the first season was especially good. Poor old Robby (minus his head) also appeared in the Hanna-Barbera series *The Banana Splits Show* as, would you believe, a housemaid. Robby in his *Forbidden Planet* pose can also be seen on a poster billboard in Paramount's 1958 film *The Blob* starring a young Steve McQueen. The name of the advertised film however has been

changed from *Forbidden Planet* to *The Vampire/Daughter of Horror* doublebill.

In *The Fly*, made in 1958 starring Al Hedison, the sound made by the hero's lab machinery is identical to the sound effects used to accompany the Robinson Robot from *Lost in Space* and in Arthur P. Jacobs 1969 production *Planet of the Apes*, starring Charlton Heston, the spectacular spaceship crash onto the ape planet used the sound effect created for the alien spacecraft preparing to blast-off in the *Lost in Space* episode *Invaders from the Fifth Dimension*.

Some films have used clips from other movies deliberately, usually if the director of the film wants to make a personal tribute to a screen favourite. In *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1978) for example, Steven Spielberg used scenes from Cecil B DeMille's *The Ten Commandments* (1956) and the Warner Bros *Duck Dodgers* cartoon starring Daffy Duck (1953).

John Carpenter's *Halloween* (1978), the first and still one of the best slash movies, features scenes from *Forbidden Planet* and the 1951 movie *The Thing!* on a television set. The latter, of course, Carpenter has since remade.

Some films depend on stock footage for a majority of their effects. George Pal's *War of the Worlds* made in 1953 by Paramount features some of the most spectacular cinematic visuals ever created for a science fiction film, and although its stunning martian spaceships created by Albert Nozaki are too recognisable to be pinched for inclusion in other movies, slight variations on the design did appear in Byron Haskin's *Robinson Crusoe on Mars* (1964). Some sequences in *War of the Worlds* have, however, turned up in later films. One shot of factory workers listening attentively to a radio has also appeared in *When Worlds Collide* (1951), *Earth Versus the Flying Saucers* (1951) a film



with effects by Ray Harryhausen and a tv special based on Orson Welles' famous broadcast of a martian invasion called **The Night that Panicked America**. Clips from the evacuation of Los Angeles sequence were later re-used in **Earth vs the Flying Saucers** except they doubled for people evacuating Washington DC. When in the same film one of the saucers fires at a famous Washington National Monument, the scene cuts to the exploding Los Angeles clock tower blasted to atoms by the martians in **War of the Worlds**. Footage of the US Army preparing to do battle with the martians cropped up again in the 1972 film **Night of the Lepus**, which related what happens when a town is attacked by giant rabbits!

Sound effects created especially for Pal's martian machines have also turned up in various sf shows and films, amongst them Gene Roddenberry's **Star Trek** 1966-68 and **IT, Terror from Beyond Space** directed in 1958

by Edward L. Cahn and starring Marshall Thompson. This early version of *Alien* features a fifties space rocket with a control room that rattles like the cobra heat ray device from **War of the Worlds**. Interestingly enough Paul Sawtell's theme for **IT**, is identical to the theme music he composed for **Kronos**, produced the same year.

Returning briefly (still with me?) to **Earth vs the Flying Saucers**, the sound of the translator device in the film is the same as that made by the martian tv camera in **War of the Worlds**, and the film also makes use of the sequence in **Day the Earth Stood Still**, when the scientists are standing listening to Klattu's message from space.

In a British quickie entitled **The Body Stealers**, (Tigon, 1969) and starring Patrick Allen and George Sanders, the magnificent multi-levelled flying saucer designed by Ted Samuels and used in Milton Subotsky's 1966 film **Daleks Invasion Earth 2150 AD** re-

appeared, permanently grounded, although with no expense spared, the script-writers give the alien visitors that power to make the ship invisible prior to lift-off so that all we see is wildly blowing trees and bushes, courtesy of an off-screen wind machine.

Some stock footage used in movies is so glaringly obvious that often the whole credibility of the story goes out the window. In the AIP production of Jules Verne's **Master of the World** (1961) starring Vincent Price as Robur, the Conqueror, the audience is witness to astounding aerial footage of the countries of the world, supposedly as seen from Robur's magnificent airship. One such clip of a raging battle is lifted from **The Four Feathers** produced by Alexander Korda in 1939, and the other a view of London with Shakespeare's Globe Theatre from Laurence Olivier's **Henry V** made in 1945. The trouble is that **Master of the World** is supposed to take place at the turn of the century, not during the



1600's. Perhaps unknown to Robur, he was also the first time traveller!

In **This Island Earth** made in 1955 and directed by Joseph Newman, Jeff Morrow travels to the mysterious world of Metaluna to witness a planet under attack by Zygon rocket ships. In the film **The Monolith Monsters**, made in 1957 and directed by John Sherwood, meteorite crystals crash to earth courtesy of some black and white superimposed footage of the same Zygon meteors, Universal were responsible for both films.

In the tv series **The Avengers** starring Patrick Macnee and Diana Rigg, one particular episode related the tale of an invisible agent called *The See-Through Man*. In the story, Steed visits an eccentric scientist played by Roy Kinnear, whose laboratory is filled with some amazing scientific relics including a large robot with a bulbous skull. This same mechanical man appeared in an early British Mother Riley picture made in 1952 and called in the USA **My Son the Vampire** starring Bela Lugosi with Arthur Lucan as Old Mother Riley.

In the British film **Morgan, a Suitable Case for Treatment** made in 1966, star David Warner who has a passion for gorillas, dreams constantly in stock footage clips from RKO's 1933 classic **King Kong**. Fortunately, the only time this particular movie has been so abused.

Contemporary films are not innocent of plagiarising only old movies either. **Damnation Alley** (1978), starring George Peppard and Jan Michael Vincent, utilises clips of exploding rocket bases from **Operation Crossbow**, a British made war movie released in 1964 for MGM... which also starred George Peppard. There is even a sequence using flood waters that were released by a collapsed dam in the Universal Sensurround feature **Earthquake**, made in 1974 with Charlton Heston and Ava Gardner.

The movie **Meteor**, produced in 1979 by Warner Brothers and starring Sean Connery, extensively used scenes from the earlier epic **Avalanche** (1978). And the recent film **Altered States** (1981), directed by Ken Russell and starring William Hurt, that will be more famous for its sequences of embryos courtesy of Oxford Scientific Films and stock footage (albeit re-coloured) from the Fox production of **Dante's Inferno** made many moons ago, rather than its so-called brilliant storyline and exceptionally poor matte work.

To conclude this look at stock footage and its various related themes, it's worth mentioning two light-hearted examples. The first occurred during an episode of Hanna-Barbera's **The Flintstones** (1962) where as an in-joke our heroes on visiting Jellystone Park meet up with none other than *Yogi Bear*. Secondly, the poster art for the 1976 Paramount release of Dino De Laurentiis' remake of **King Kong**. The poster art pre-sold the film so well that when it finally appeared on the screens, it just couldn't live up to the art. Complaints to the Trade Descriptions office forced the makes to re-issue the poster with changes so as not to hoodwink the public into seeing the movie with false promises. Whatever the result, **King Kong** never did get to straddle both towers of the World Trade Centre building in New York, pluck jet-fighters out of a deep blue sky or even roar anymore defiantly than its famous ancestor. Perhaps if the producers and Mr Laurentiis had deliberately used stock footage from the 1933 **King Kong**, all 100 minutes of it, and not bothered with a remake at all, we would have been spared this disastrously silly film ●



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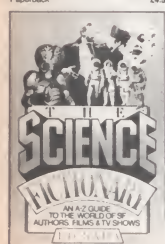
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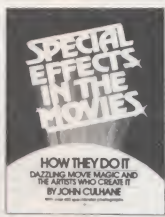
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# Record World



The story behind attempting to obtain a review copy of the soundtrack album to **Raiders of the Lost Ark** is almost as mysterious as the end of the film. The copy I finally received was the third one apparently sent out. I can only assume the other two disappeared down the Well of Souls.

However I did manage to listen to this record before it changed into a pillar of salt and then vanished in a thunderclap. It is of course that well-known combination of *John Williams* and the *London Symphony Orchestra* who by now must have done more fantasy/sf soundtracks than everyone else put together! Mind you with **Raiders** being a Lucas/Spielberg co-operation, it's hardly surprising at their choice for the music. John Williams wrote the soundtracks to each of their most successful films—**Jaws**, **CE3K**, **Star Wars** and **The Empire Strikes Back**. Williams can also add **Superman** to his work with the LSO, along with the two Lucas films. And the LSO, not to be outdone, performed the music for **Clash of the Titans**, composed by **Lawrence Rosenthal**.

The **Raiders** theme is another march, which John Williams seems to like as a concept he uses the style in the main themes to **Star Wars**, the Imperial March from **Empire** and for **Superman**. For the track titled "The Well of The Souls", though the music changes to something more like the Visitation sequence from **Close Encounters**. Other films also sprang to mind, one in particular that has a strong connection with **Raiders**—sand. There's a fair amount of sand in a good number of scenes in the film and **Lawrence of Arabia** also featured vast quantities of the stuff. Peter O'Toole may have been on a camel and Harrison Ford chasing a German Army truck, but musically there's definite

reminiscences. It's the sort of soundtrack recording that for me at least works as a piece of music. My frequent criticism of soundtrack recordings is that they rarely work outside the context of the film they represent. More successful are those re-worked into a suite from the music of the film. Williams scores have always worked just as they stand. Apparently, John Williams intends to re-work all his music to the **Star Wars** saga once he has completed the third film, into a symphonic suite. This should prove an interesting comparison to the original score, especially if the LSO perform it.



In a somewhat different vein are the BBC Sound Effects records. We've had Horror

Sound Effects (they're in a jugular vein...), **Doctor Who Sound Effects**. Out of this World atmospheric sound effects and now **Sci-Fi Sound Effects**. Now a pause while I cringe at the title. I feel almost responsible as I do have a few contacts at BBC Records and I should have informed them that 'Sci-Fi' is *not* the acceptable term. It's sf or Science Fiction.

However having just about recovered from the title, what do you get? The cover is adorned with a picture of the **Liberator**, and for those that are interested it is the larger of the models made of the craft. For modellers interested in the details, this is about as good as you're going to get. (Please use in conjunction with the plans printed in **Voyager** pilot issue).

The recordings themselves emanate of course from my BBC departments opposite number in sound—the **Radiophonic Workshop**. They are doing with sound what my colleagues and I are doing with visual effects—everything nobody else does. Not only are they now producing full soundtracks for television programmes in their own right, but of course are still producing all those odd sound effects required especially for sf series. Featured on this record are bits and pieces from four BBC programmes. **Blake's 7** is obviously there, from all 4 series. **Doctor Who** is represented by sounds from the 1980 series, including the one I had something to do with—**Warrior's Gate**, where you get the Respirator Room sounds and the Time Winds!

Radio sf is represented by their original **Hitch-Hikers** series, including such delights as **Slartibartfast's** aircar taking off and the **Bugblatter Beast of Traal** roaring. The first series of **Earthsearch** is also featured—notably sounds created by **Lloyd Silverthorne** who's also working on **Earthsearch II**. These selections are more general than the others, and have less evocative titles. **Blake's 7** comes out best of all. A 35 second track relishes in the title "Machine Monster with a black sense of humour, who chases our heroes around, winking" **Elizabeth Parker** is responsible for this track, and shares the **Blake** credits with **Richard Yeoman-Clarke**. **Doctor Who** and **Hitchhikers** can be blamed on me old mate **Dick Mills**, who amongst other things is very keen on fish-keeping them, not necessarily eating them. I had hoped there would be a Babel fish sound.

And fish forms a very contrived connection with the next record. **Stringray** is just one gem on a 10" LP called **No Strings Attached**. From PRT Records it features the **Barry Grey Orchestra** playing his Greatest Gerry Anderson Hits. Besides the **Stringray** theme there's perhaps the most famous piece the **Thunderbird March** and the themes to **Captain Scarlet** and **Joe 90**. The **Stringray** theme features a vocal, as per the original by **Gerry Miller**, who warbles out **Aqua Marina**. These must be the original recordings made for the programmes, or at around the same time, and not recently recorded. This is emphasised by the fact that the record is in mono and the sound is definitely a bit woolly, but that they are the originals must make them more a collectors' item.

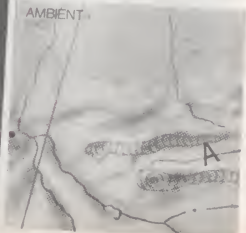
Completing the eight tracks of the record are two more from **Captain Scarlet**—the *Mysterious Theme* and a track entitled *Hijacked* (which I deduced was from **Captain Scarlet** by a bit of sleuthing). The final track is called *Parker Well Done*, which at first glance sounds like an order at the local cafe, but

mentioned before. The other CBS record is similar in that it derives from a Kubrick film plus a bit more. The film in this case is 2001



and the album is a compilation of tracks by two of the USA's greatest orchestras and conductors—Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic and Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia. Between them they play the 2001 theme—the opening of *Richard Strauss's Also Sprach Zarathustra*, *Johanne Strauss's Blue Danube Waltz* and *Aram Khachaturian's adagio* from his *Gayne Ballet Suite*. Two of the three *Gyorgy Ligeti* pieces are also included—*Lux Aeterna*, which accompanied the Moonbus on its journey to Tycho and Atmospheres, heard during the Star Gate sequence. In between the tracks are *Electronic Interludes* by *Morton Subotnick*. Interesting to note on the Khachaturian track that two violinists are credited, one of whom is *John Corigliano*, father of the *Altered States* composer *John Corigliano*.

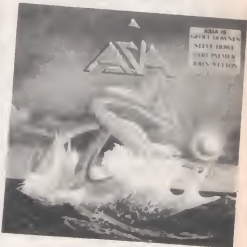
Side two of this album is another collector's item. The only recording of the suite from the Swedish opera *Aniara* by *Karl Birger Blomdahl*. This story is set in the year AD2038 and tells of 8000 people onboard a ship bound for Mars. The piece is electronic and created by Swedish Radio's equivalent of the Radiophonic Workshop.



Finally this month a couple of recent albums. Brian Eno—late of Roxy Music and associate of Talking Heads has, over the past

few years, been producing for his own Edition EG label, several recordings titled *The Ambient Series*. All are concerned with sounds rather than tunes, but are surprisingly restful. I've used his first of the series *Music for Airports* to nod off to sleep to on occasions, which I think Eno will take as a complement. The latest, number 4, is *On Land*, consists of 8 tracks with evocative titles such as *Lantern Marsh*, *Unfamiliar Wind* and *Dunwich Beach, Autumn 1980*. The edge-of-the-land-edge-of-the-sea connection is very prominent and similarly the music seems to wash over you.

There's another Roxy Music connection with the last record. I've included it for collectors of fantasy art-work in general and Roger Dean in particular. His work is featured on the cover of the new album *Asia*, by the group of the same name. The Roxy connection is John Wetton and other



members are Steve Howe from Yes—who relied heavily on Dean covers for their albums. Also Geoff Downes, credited as Yes member, which I suppose he was for a short time. Fourth member is Carl Palmer, from, not surprisingly E.L.P. Oh, and the music's not bad either.

## DISC DATA

**Raiders of the Lost Ark:** John Williams and the London Symphony Orchestra; CBS 70205. **Sci-Fi Sound Effects:** BBC Radiophonic Workshop; BBC REC 420. **No Strings Attached:** The Barry Gray Orchestra; PRT DOW 3. **Walter Carlos' Clockwork Orange:** Walter Carlos; CBS 73059. **2001 A Space Odyssey and Aniara—an epic of Spaceflight in 2083 AD:** Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic and Swedish Radio. **Ambient 4—On Land:** Brian Eno; EGED 20. **Asia:** Asia; GEF 85577.

## NO STRINGS ATTACHED



actually turns out to be a little vocal duet between Lady Penelope and Parker, with an interruption by Jeff Tracy. Exactly where this playlet originated I'm not sure—probably someone can fill in the gaps. Perhaps it was done as the B-side to the original T-Bird theme?

A couple of oldish, but still interesting CBS albums came my way recently. One I've mentioned in passing before and is *Walter Carlos's* complete original score to *A Clockwork Orange*. Some of the music had been working on even before the film was suggested, such as the longest track, *Timesteps*. Other tracks are Carlo's interpretations of standard classical works



such as *Rossini's 'The Thieving Magpie'* and *'William Tell'* overtures, *Beethoven's Ninth Symphony* (the Choral) and *Purcell's 'Music for the Funeral of Queen Mary'* which form the title music for the film. This is the record which has as its last track the Carlos original *'Country Lane'* which is the piece I have



# it's only a movie

It may be only a movie to the rest of us but to the Trekkies, who seem to be breeding faster than Tribbles, it's a religious artifact and one hesitates to put the critical boot into it for fear of being accused of blasphemy. I'm referring, of course, to *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*, the second of the *Star Trek* feature films...

While watching it I had a great idea for a horror movie—it would be about this group of ageing actors trapped in a show and forced to endlessly repeat the same performances, and say the same lines, that they first delivered years ago when they were young. Their one burning desire is to be written out but though they are occasionally 'killed off' their escape always proves to be an illusory one. A cruel off-screen manipulator always resurrects them again and they find themselves trapped on the treadmill once more.

There's certainly something very sad about seeing poor James Doohan, DeForest Kelley and Leonard Nimoy, all looking rather long in the tooth, going manfully through their *Star Trek* paces for the nth time. In fact there was almost an element of *indecent* about it—one felt that the characters should be left in peace where they belong, in the TV show made a decade and a half ago, instead of being forced to stagger on in 1982, heavily made-up shadows of their former selves.

True, the script attempts to recognise the age factor by having Shatner portray Kirk as a man obsessed with the past and convinced that he's over the hill (or the nebula) but ironically Shatner is the one who has weathered the winds of time best of all and doesn't make a very convincing "old" man. Smirking, mugging and hamming his way through the picture in his usual fashion he seems remarkably unchanged...

But what did I think of the movie itself, you ask? Well, to be honest (and aren't I always?) I thought it stunk.

*(Pauses to duck as plastic model of the Enterprise is hurled at his head by irate Trekkie.)*

Watching it is like watching a wind-up toy in action. It is a banal, unoriginal and totally predictable piece of work. It is a Mickey Mouse picture devoid of the merest hint of real life. The characters are the same cardboard entities of the tv series going through the same mechanical routines and uttering the same old clichés. Look, there's good old Dr "Bones" McCoy being "testy but lovable"; and here is good ol' Spock, all straight-faced and going on about "logic" but underneath it all you know he's really a sentimental softie; and over there is "Scottie" Scott doing his impression of a stage Scotsman ("The engines canna hold out for much longer, sur..."); and here is Kirk, a brave smile hiding his sadness while he oozes "humanity" all the bridge...

Now to Trekkies these collections of mannerisms represent characterisation of the deepest sort but to those of us not fortunate enough to be plugged into the Trekkie *gestalt* there are no real characters in *Star Trek*, only caricatures—and of the crudest sort...

Admittedly part of my problem was that I'd seen *Blade Runner* the night before and so *Star Trek 2* came as a severe let-down by comparison. Now *Blade Runner* isn't perfect, especially in its recut version (I'll be

discussing it at length in the next issue) but it is an honest attempt to make a more adult kind of science fiction picture. It not only has a sophisticated theme but also goes to great and imaginative pains to create a future world that has a reality of its own. You feel that

beyond the walls of the interior sets a real world exists full of people going about their daily lives, as strange to us as those lives might seem. But you never get that impression in *Star Trek 2*. All you ever feel lies behind the plastic, tacky walls of the





# starring John Brosnan

interior sets is another studio—probably containing a *Dallas* set . . .

I was quite amazed at how much the live action sections of *Star Trek 2* resemble a tv movie. Not only do the sets look like they've been borrowed from Irwin Allen's scenery

dock but the lighting is flat and bland in the manner of most American tv shows. Then I discovered that the movie had been made by the "television arm" of Paramount, which explains why it was made for 10 million dollars compared to the 42 million dollar cost

of the first *Star Trek* film. And it also explains why everything looks so cheap and awful . . .

In direct contrast the model effects are stunning. This is because they were handled by Lucasfilm's Industrial Light and Magic—Lucas's special effects division. Overall I found the effects far superior to those in the first film even though the main model of the Enterprise is the same one and some of the original footage has been included, such as the Enterprise in its orbiting "hanger". The new model shots have an impressive grandeur and sense of atmosphere that is noticeably missing from the live-action parts of the film and I was left with the impression that two entirely different movies had been clumsily grafted together. In a sense the model shots are too good for the tacky tv movie they appear in.

The tv episode feel of *Star Trek 2* is further enhanced by its plot which serves as a sequel to one of the stories in the 1966-67 season called *Space Seed*. The villain of the piece, Khan, is again played by Ricardo Montalban who goes over the top at full speed and never comes down again. It's a pretty silly script but the silliest bit of all involves Chekov and a token black starship captain (Paul Winfield, looking very embarrassed). They get captured by Khan who inserts two grub-like creatures into their ears. These beasts wrap themselves "around the cerebral cortex" and make their unwilling hosts susceptible to "persuasion". After feeding Kirk and friends into a trap Chekov and the captain turn up, apologise and explain what happened to them. Now you would logically expect Kirk or someone to ask how come they no longer have the creatures inside them but no, Kirk accepts their story without a hint of suspicion . . . And, of course, it comes to no surprise to the audience that the two are still under the influence of the villain. (And speaking of Neanderthals, it's interesting that Chekov with an alien wrapped around his cerebral cortex is indistinguishable from Chekov without said alien; Walter Koenig's lack of acting ability is one element of *Star Trek* that remains the same).

The big shock-horror moment—the one that is meant to ensure there isn't a dry seat in the cinema—is the sequence where Spock "dies". I'm sure Trekkies the world over will sob their little hearts out over this but I couldn't help being reminded of the similar scene in *The Big Bus* when Ned Beatty, as the tough engineer, walks into the reactor room without a protective suit and uses his handkerchief to pick up a highly radioactive fuel rod in order to stop the place blowing up.

No, the saddest thing about *Star Trek 2* is that it was directed by Nicholas Meyer who made one of my favourite fantasy films—the underrated *Time After Time*. None of the intelligence and style he brought to that film is evident in this one and one can only presume he had to work within the strait-jacket of the awful script and the restrictions of Paramount's "TV arm" . . .

At the time of writing *Star Trek 2* looks as if it's going to be a huge box office success while *Blade Runner*, the superior movie of the two, might have trouble with the general audiences. Trekkies may rejoice at this but it bodes ill for the future of good science fiction cinema ●



# book world

Three first novels by British writers this month, and an interesting trio they are.

*The Eye of the Queen* by Phillip Mann (Gollancz, £7.95) strikes me as the best of the bunch and is quite possibly the most accomplished first sf novel by any British writer since Ian Watson's *The Embedding*. It's a work of considerable maturity and authority, and I was not surprised to learn that the author is apparently in his mid-thirties; he displays a control of his subject matter which would have been remarkable in a much younger writer.

*The Eye of the Queen* is primarily a portrait of an alien culture, the aliens being the Pe-Ellians, an advanced race who have contacted Earth. Marius Thorndyke and Tomas Mnaba, both members of the Contact Linguistics Institute, are taken to the Pe-Ellian homeworld, there to learn more of the aliens' society and culture. The Pe-Ellians prove to be queer folk indeed, being essentially sexless in the traditional sense, passing through several lives or transformations and having the rather unappetizing habit of eating immature foetuses of their own kind, taken from pouches in their hands. This sort of thing normally has me reaching for the vomit-bag, but in the context of the story I was only mildly revolted. Thorndyke and Mnaba are made of sterner stuff, both partaking of such meals with scarcely a qualm.

The two Earthmen soon learn that the Pe-Ellians have highly developed mental powers and are capable of picking up their unshielded thoughts and emotions. Far from using these abilities to pry into other minds, the Pe-Ellians as a race place a high premium on mental privacy and do their best to block out the unchecked and potentially damaging mental emanations of the two Earthmen and of Thorndyke in particular. But Thorndyke has become fascinated by the Pe-Ellians and yearns to be like them. Finally one alien gives him a sloughed-off skin after a transformation and their destinies are irrevocably linked. Mnaba is banished to his home planet while Thorndyke eventually meets the huge, worm-like Queen of the Pe-Ellians. Some time later Mnaba receives Thorndyke's diaries, which tell him what happened to him. These form the bulk of the narrative and are interspersed with comments from Mnaba.

Although the focus of the story is on the Pe-Ellians throughout, the author does not neglect his human characters. Indeed, it's Thorndyke's particular personality quirks which prompt him to identify strongly with the Pe-Ellians, while the sober and cautious Mnaba is the ideal foil for him. If the novel has a weakness it is that it did not seem particularly well-visualized to me. The author does provide plenty of descriptions of the Pe-Ellians and aspects of their planet but the descriptions seemed somehow piecemeal and I was seldom able to create a vivid mental picture of any given character or scene.

Of course descriptions which immediately conjure up a strong visual image are more difficult when one is writing about alien things. But it can be done, as Roger Zelazny once demonstrated by describing an alien tree as "a frozen fountain of marmalade". This sort of striking visual image is a sign that the writer is really seeing what he is describing. *With The Eye of the Queen* I felt that the author had not really seen his

creations but was trying to build a composite picture of them through words. Now this may seem a bit finicky on my part, but the novel is good enough to make the reader want the best in all departments. And the more alien the environment of any sf novel, the more important it is that the author should strive to bring it to life in the mind's eye of the reader. On the whole, though, this is an ambitious and successful novel which should arouse considerable interest.

Amanda Hemingway is also a new writer of real ability, but her first novel, *Psyche* (Faber & Faber, £7.95) is less satisfactory. *Psyche* is the daughter of the eccentric Dr Corazin, and

is raised on a barren planet with a minimum of human contact. Eventually her sister joins her there and the story begins to gather momentum after a slow start with the discovery of the precious mineral mammonite and the ensuing attempts of a conglomerate headed by the cold-hearted Krater to gain control of the mammonite mines. That is the bare bones of the plot. I won't bother to summarize it in more detail because this might suggest that the author takes it seriously, which she doesn't really. However the theme of the book is *Psyche*'s progress towards some sort of commitment to other human beings, and this the author



Gollancz



## the eye of the queen

A brilliant evocation of an alien culture by a most exciting new British writer

Phillip Mann

does take seriously, which is just as well because the novel would otherwise be a rather flippant and slapdash piece of soap opera.

Perhaps I shouldn't use words like "flippant" and "slapdash" when the blurb writer tells me that *Psyche* is "witty". Well, I suppose it is, though I found it more satirical than anything else:

"Let us talk," said the man called Krater, leaning back in his chair. Like all major villains, he liked to discuss the meaning of life, particularly after dinner. It went well with the digestifs."

Amusing though this is (and it's fairly

typical of the tone of the book), it is not the best of Amanda Hemingway. She is at her best in the closing stages of the novel, when all the frivolity and the science fiction trappings have been set aside for the moment and her cast are taking seriously about matters of deep personal concern to them. One of her characters, a man called Varagin Karel, is a memorable creation, and *Psyche* herself becomes increasingly interesting as the story progresses. The trouble is that the background through which the characters move—the inhabited worlds at the edge of the galaxy—is jocularly sketched in but never becomes remotely real. It's clear that the

author herself does not believe in it, and the reader's interest in the dilemmas of her characters is diluted as a result. The satirical tone may be clever, but it's ultimately damaging to the theme. Could it be that the author was afraid of appearing too earnest in her first full-length work?

Although *Psyche* is ultimately a rather irritating novel, it does contain sufficient qualities to make Amanda Hemingway a writer worth watching. Personally I feel her talents would be better employed in less science fictional formats in which her satirical flourishes would be more telling and her essential seriousness would be not be obscured.

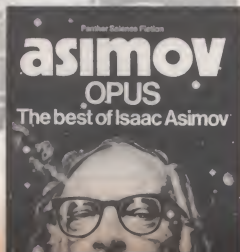
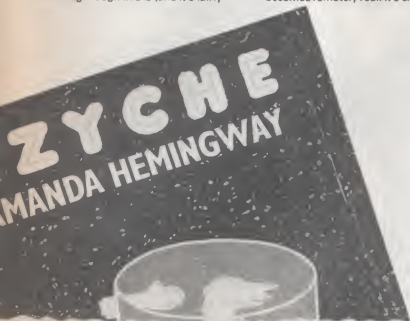
*The Space Eater* by David Langford (Arrow, £1.75) is a literate and intelligent novel about a man and woman who are sent on a likely suicide mission to a colony in another star-system which is inadvertently threatening Earth through its experiments with matter transmission. Their mode of travel is through a tunnel 1.9 centimetres in diameter. The author persuaded me that this was indeed possible, and he has a definite talent for making the preposterous seem perfectly acceptable. Unfortunately the novel is overlong in the sense of containing far too much unnecessary detail. The narrator, Jacklin, is garrulous and verbose, never using one phrase when two will do:

"The paper was a pain to look at. It had an all-round border of diagonal bars in the sort of glow-orange that reaches deep into your eyeballs and starts tweaking the retina."

The last phrase about the retina is certainly too much, and I think we could have done without the eyeballs as well. In fact, I wonder if we needed to know anything about the paper at all. This tendency to overdo descriptive and expressive phrases is a persistent problem throughout the book, giving the narrative a rather clogged feel. Here is an author who likes and is able to use language; but he needs to pare down his prose to the essentials.

*Opus* by Isaac Asimov (Granada, £2.50) is a collection of selected excerpts from his first two hundred books. You have to be a celebrity to have this sort of thing done to you. I've always found Asimov a rather smug and self-congratulatory writer, but he has been amazingly fertile over the years and this varied compilation contains everything from ruminations on cosmology to extracts from juvenile novels.

This year's Nebula Awards have been announced. Best Novel: *Claw of the Conciliator* by Gene Wolfe. Novella: "The Saturn Game" by Poul Anderson. Novelette: "The Quickening" by Michael Bishop. Short Story: "The Bone Flute" by Lisa Tuttle. The short story award is interesting because Lisa Tuttle wanted "The Bone Flute" to be withdrawn from the ballot as a protest against the increasing practice of sending xeroxed copies of nominated stories to SFWA members with a covering letter canvassing their votes. This, she felt, was unfair unless all nominated stories received similar treatment. I agree. Despite this, her story was not withdrawn and won. The SFWA seem to have ignored her protest, awarding her the Nebula in her absence and stating that she can't refuse it. This smacks of an attempt to sweep controversy under the carpet, and I hope they get their comeuppance.



# TV ZONE

As fascinating as some television programmes are, the way they are advertised in official tv magazines can be even more interesting. So this month lets take a look at TV Guides around the world. The most impressive looking publication, for quantity at least, is the American TV Guide. On turning to the first page the reader is immediately confronted by a list of Editors and Contributors as long as the **Peyton Place** television series, including a whole host of important persons from New York to Washington.

Usually pages 1-22 will feature articles on various tv shows by leading tv personalities. These will be followed by the 140 page guide to the week's programmes. Discounting pages of advertising, a days viewing, eg, Saturday, will be spread over anything up to 17 pages. There are a number of guides covering the United States and its relevant time zones and the number of stations is quite staggering. In the Los Angeles guide, for instance, the tv audiences are invited to select their evenings viewing from 14 different channels, three of those being the major networks appearing under local titles KNXT (CBS), KNBC (NBC), and KABC (ABC). Two of the channels KCET and KLCB operate on the Public Broadcasting System (PBS), a style of tv viewing that together with Cablevision is fast becoming increasingly popular in the States. These include three Pay TV services, SelectTV, ONTV, and the Z Channel. In the same guide a further five stations are listed for the immediate vicinity to the Los Angeles Metropolitan area, and a footnote at the bottom of the page informs the viewer of additional educational channels 24, 28, 50 and 58 and Satellites and their originating stations, 24 for Riverside and 42 for Palm Springs.

At approximately 5 am, the previous days programming ends and the next begins. For example it is possible to choose from anything up to 40 different programmes between the hours of 5.30 and 8.00 in the morning. The variety of programmes on offer numbers many, even going by the picture adverts accompanying the text. Apart from an endless stream of old shows being repeated around the clock, there are such gems of small screen entertainment as **Schoolboy Father**, **The World of People** featuring Priests who play Hockey and **The First Miss Olympia Weightlifting Contest**, **Your New Day with Vidal Sassoon**, **Nancy Reagan Up Close**, **Combat in the Classroom** with Ed Asner, **Is Death A Beginning** with Leonard Nimoy and **Mysterious Monsters**. This doesn't include the vast number of feature films, I counted 32 on one day, many of which are repeated on other days of the week, and literally hundreds of quiz games from 1.00 in the afternoon till 11.00 at night.

Hong Kong's TV guide is actually called the **TV Times** and resembles our own magazine in size, although the interior, at a glance, looks more like the BBC's **Radio Times**. This particular guide is published by the South China Morning Post and is full of adverts showing healthy looking oriental families basking in Western materialism. Roughly consisting of 62 pages, the articles are written in English. A selection of weekly films numbers 19 including, in the issue I studied, a fair share of fantasy movies. There are five



channels, two English ATV and TVB, and three Chinese, TVB, ATV and CTV (confused?). With the exception of the Chinese stations, that begin broadcasting at mid-day, the English channels don't start up till 5 pm and close down around mid-night. Pages 24-62 are written in Chinese and I failed totally to decipher which vertical phrase accompanied a photo insert from **The Prisoner**. A lot of the television programmes are of American origin, although it was nice to see such favourites as **Doctor Who**, **Upstairs Downstairs**, and the **Main Chance** putting in an appearance.

Canada's **Star Week** magazine works independently from Americas TV Guide, although a certain number of the latter are

available in the larger Canadian cities. Containing 48 pages, **Star Week** carries information on 20 channels from Toronto to Buffalo. Again the range of feature films on the small screen is amazing (147) and there are also fascinating subjects such as **The Cradle of England** about the British Stone Age, **Bert D'Angelo Superstar**, **Fawcett Towers**, **The Consumer Survival Kit**, **Planet of Man**, and **The Avengers** with Diana Rigg.

**The Avengers** appears under the title **Mit Schirm Charme und Melone**, in the German TV guide called quite aptly **BILD und FUNK**. Consisting of 128 pages this particular teleguide is beautifully illustrated, packed solid with photographs from a wide variety of shows, many of them in full colour. Pages





1-41 contain articles about screen personalities as exotic as Doris Kunstmann and Gertraud Jesserer. Amongst the programmes featured across the multitude of channels NDR/RB/SFB 3, WDR 3, HESSEN 3, HOLLAND and DDR, are such British stalwarts as *Die tollsten streiche des Dick Turpin* with Richard O'Sullivan and *Das Haus am Eaton Place* (Upstairs Downstairs) with Jean Marsh. American series such as *The Time Tunnel*, *Lassie* and *The Streets of San Francisco* also put in a daily appearance.

In France the tv programme guide appears under the jolly title of *tele Jours 7* which will set you back a few francs. This 100 page weekly also contains coloured pages although in the issue I have, they are of zoo

animals—don't ask me why. The information on each days viewing is spread over two channels, beginning early morning and closing at mid-night. Again the magazine is nicely illustrated using anything up to four different stills from one feature film. British and American programmes appear under some exotic title changes, although the French shows also have a certain romance about them, including *Les Shadoks* (animated), *Allo, Police* (drama series) and *Richard Cœur De Lion* which speaks for itself.

In Italy the tv viewer is treated to a weekly publication far exceeding anything else in Europe. For 600 lire (30p), it should be. Entitled *radio TV corriere*, after wading through 113 pages of assorted articles,

including the day in the life of an H-Bomb silo, an in depth study of *The Protectors*, and a look at how colour composition originates in tv pictures from *Happy Days*, you finally reach the tv guide itself, which apart from detailing tv channels 1 and 2, contains information on four local stations, Svizzera, Capodistria, Francia and Montecarlo. Amongst the varied programming is the *Evening Opera*, *Ellery Queen*, *Tin Tin*, *La famiglia Robinson* (no, not *Lost in Space*) and a regular series of *Cartoni animati*.

Italy also sports a tv guide called *Sorrisi e Canzoni TV*, which is far more colourful and packs in a lot more relevant information across 76 pages. It also contains an incredible assortment of coloured photographs from the different programmes including *Radica (Roots)*, *Ellery Queen*, and an in depth study of the songs from Walt Disney films introduced by John Wayne. Programmes featured on channels RTE 1 and 2 and the local channels consist of *The Jerry Lewis Show* (animated), *Cannon* with William Conrad, *Spazio 1999* with Martin Landau and *Terzan* with Ron Ely. From the same country comes the local tv magazine *Guida TV* which is much smaller in size resembling the American guide and in Spain the tv guides are also minute being entitled *tp Teleprograma* and each issue carries a splendid full colour cover.

With this vast array of foreign tv advertising, it is perhaps interesting to take a look at our own handbooks of entertainment, the *TV* and *Radio Times*. As the *ITV* channel is of course divided into a number of independent regions there is a *TV Times* published for each, although it is editorially based in London. Buying the *TV Times* is similar to purchasing a new shirt, most of the packaging is instantly disposable. "I never knew there was so much in it" may be the by-line, but after you've battled through Katie's home hints and letters on curing the cats boils or wrapping a loafah in tin foil to prevent it going soggy, you excitedly turn to the centre spread which contains four pages of adverts. "Where are the tv programmes?" I hear you cry. "Ah, there they are, buried between articles on Jogging For Pleasure with Dickie Davies or Sophia Loren's Star Garden. In fact there is so much irrelevant information in the *TV Times* that in a recent issue, out of 80 pages 40 were devoted to commercials with the actual tv listings covering an amazing 7 pages.

The *Radio Times* always presents itself as a gentle reminder to the tele-reader that the Beeb's financial position is not a very good one, and so it seems, never has been. At least the information is more relevant to the programmes, but even so out of 96 pages, 28 featured adverts. And have you ever noticed, when you are in a hurry, how difficult it is to turn the serrated edged pages which seem to miraculously stick together, allowing your hands to become completely covered in newsprint.

When comparing our tv guides however, with some of the world's finest, I certainly think our layout techniques win hands down, although the picture reference in foreign equivalents must, in some cases, be the envy of the world and the powers that be, here in Britain, could take a leaf out of their book anytime they like ●

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**W**hen I told friends I was going to be interviewing Frank Marshall, almost to a man they said, "you'll like him; he's a really nice guy." I interviewed Marshall in early May, and guess what? He's a really nice guy. He shares offices with Steven Spielberg at MGM, and met me himself, rather than a receptionist. He's relaxed, confident, and puts an interviewer at ease immediately; it's more like talking to a friend than interviewing the producer of one of the most popular of all films, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. His cheerful office has a video arcade game, and is decorated with posters of other films he's worked on, as well as photos of himself that are, well, perhaps a bit undignified. The kind of photos old-time producers would never have allowed to be taken, much less displayed.

Marshall began his career in films working as an assistant to Peter Bogdanovich on *Targets*, and stayed with him through all his films until "Nickelodeon," graduating from the crew to associate producer with *Peter Moon*. When Bogdanovich decided to take time off from filmmaking, Marshall went on to other projects.

He was line producer on Orson Welles' as yet unreleased *The Other Side of the Wind* and on Martin Scorsese's fine documentary on the last concert of The Band, *The Last Waltz*. With Walter Hill, Marshall worked on *The Driver* and *The Warriors*, and then joined Lucasfilm. After *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, Lucasfilm moved north, and Marshall remained with Spielberg in Hollywood. He was coproducer on *Pottergeist*, worked on *E.T.—The Extra-Terrestrial*, and expects to continue to be associated with Spielberg in the future.

*Starburst* Is the next *Raiders* film going to be set in Africa or China?

**Frank Marshall:** Probably both. Definitely China and maybe Africa; Africa I'm not real sure—somewhere exotic. One of the things we want to do in the *Raiders* films is take people to territories and environments they haven't seen before.

*That's a big appeal that movies have been missing out on. A few of these Hercule Poirot films were set in places like the Nile in the 1930s, and you're rich. Can't see that anywhere else except in a movie.*

**Absolutely.** It's one of the things that movies can do. In *Pottergeist*, we take you to a suburban neighborhood in Simi Valley, which most people can do, but you have an action-adventure-fantasy movie like *Raiders*, the locale is part of the fantasy. One of the

## PART ONE

Interview by Bill Warren

# FRANK MARSHALL

requirements for *Raiders* was to have a flying wing, because George has always wanted to see a flying wing in a movie.

*'Marshall played the flying wing pilot in those scenes.'*

*I notice that you started with *Targets*, which I saw again the other night.*

Did you recognize me in it? I'm the ticket-taker at the drive-in who lets Karloff in, and then Bogdanovich comes driving up in his convertible Thunderbird, and we have a little conversation. "Is Mr. Orlock here?" "Yes," I say, pointing, "he's down there on the right by the screen."

I'd say that was possibly the best training that you could have in the movie business, because I was fortunate enough to fall into an association with Peter at that time, who was also making his first movie. And we had practically no money, so we had to do everything. And it was non-union, so not only did I act in it, but I helped build sets, I did a little shooting, I ran around, I drove cars. I got to know every facet of how a movie gets made, including the editing. What I found was that there wasn't one thing I liked better than another, I liked everything. So I sort of channeled myself into "how do you get in touch with all the departments?" One of the ways of course is directing, but I don't want that responsibility.

*What! Somebody in Hollywood who doesn't want to direct?*

No, I don't. Too much responsibility. I like what I'm doing. It gives me an opportunity to be creative, too, but I also like the business end of it. I like figures, I like handling the budget. My favorite aspect of it is the shooting; I never leave the set. That's when it's fun.

*You're co-producer of *Pottergeist*, but I know your title varies from film to film.*

I've always done the same thing. I've been associate producer, line producer, coproducer, executive producer and producer, but I've always done the same thing.

*Why do they make the distinction?*

Oh, it's complicated. Situations as far as who owned the project originally.

*Do egos come into it?*

Yeah. It is true if you're nominated for the Oscar for best picture, the producer is the guy who's nominated and gets to go up and get the little golden statue. Not the executive producer, not the associate producer, not any other producer, but The Producer. So there are some elements of ego. I sort of look upon my job as to get the movie made, one way or the other. And to keep the momentum going,

to deliver to the director the tools that he needs, to get the movie made for what we agreed to do it for. I try and present alternatives and answers. I never like to say no, but I like to present the ramifications and different possibilities. If, for example, you as director say, "Gee I wish I could blow the truck up three times tomorrow," I might say, "Well, if you want to blow the truck up, can you give me 50 extras the next day?" Or, "We'll only use two sticks of dynamite each time instead of three, and that way we'll be able to do it three times instead of two." You tell me what to do and then I figure out a way to do it. Or I come to you and say, "You know, we're behind schedule. Can we do this or that?" Because the director has enough to worry about with the creative aspects. He has the closeup lens, I have the wide angle.

*The director is concerned with what's going on in front of the camera, and you have everything else.*

Right, right, all the rest. He drives up in his car, he gets out, and everything's there. That's my responsibility: whatever he needs and whatever I can anticipate that he might need. The key is to surround yourself with top-notch people. For example, we had a wonderful associate producer on **Raiders**, Robert Watts, who put together a terrific English crew and guided us from country to country without mishap.

*(Steven Spielberg has said that **Raiders of the Lost Ark** was the best-produced film he's ever worked on—and that was due to Frank Marshall.)*

*It's interesting. It almost seems to me as if there should be another category for you and people like you to fall in, because a lot of producers don't do that kind of thing. A lot of producers sit in their offices, and call down to the set three times a week.*

Well, movies are unique in that they are not







I think that **Daisy Miller** was one of Peter Bogdanovich's best, in that we tackled such a terrifically hard subject. Who does Henry James? We took the risk, and we were aware of the risk we were taking. We weren't trying to make a blockbuster movie, we were trying to do something that was artistic, and we did it for a price. I think the creation of the movie in itself is spectacular.

*It's a gorgeous picture.*

It's a wonderful, wonderful movie. I think Barry's very, very good in it, as is Cybill Shepherd. It's interesting because through Peter's careful direction we created Rome of the 19th century in 1973. It's shot in a way that you have the total feel of the period, and that's what I think movies ought to do.

*What are you doing yourself next, besides taking a rest?*

We have a couple of projects. We have the **Raiders** sequel starting up in January, and we may be making **The Twilight Zone** between now and then, based on the tv series.

*Will it be in several parts?*

Yeah, it'll be a several-parter. Other than that, I have a couple of projects of my own. One is going to be a two-hour television movie called **A Pennant for the Kremlin**, which is a story about the Russians coming into the ownership of the Chicago White Sox baseball team, which is hilarious. I have a couple of development deals, one of them here at MGM. They are long from being finished projects.

*Did you have anything to do with E.T.?*

We all sort of work on everything.

*Will the next Raiders film be called Raiders of the something-or-other?*

Absolutely. It won't be **Raiders II** or **Rocky III**.

On **E.T.**, I've been sort of overseeing the postproduction and budget, because it's such a tight schedule. Kathy Kennedy was the producer. We're all working together ▶



only an art, but they're business. And if someone gives you ten million dollars to make a movie, you've got to be responsible to them.

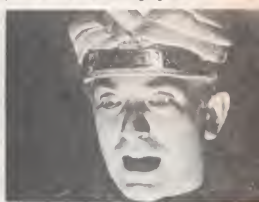
Where a lot of the money gets spent, and where most of the problems occur is right there on the set. So if you're not there, you're looking to a production manager or first assistant director to make decisions that could cost thousands and thousands of dollars down the line. I think the producer should be in on those decisions.

*I thought you sounded more like a cross between a regular producer and a super-production manager.*

All my background comes from production. I worked as a location manager, and with a production manager, and a production designer very closely for three movies. Also, as I say, I was very fortunate to be with Peter all those years. So I know what the creative side needs and I try to interface between the two. It may sound hypocritical to say I give the director everything he wants, but that's not how I mean it. What I mean is, it's my job to figure out how to do everything that he wants to do within the budget. That's why I'm here. *How did you happen to leave Bogdanovich?* I didn't really leave him. After **Nickelodeon**, the last picture I did with Peter, he took nine months off and I just continued to make movies. I made **The Last Waltz** with Scorsese, and during that, Walter Hill called and I went to work on **The Driver**. I was doing **The Warriors** when Peter went to **St. Jack**, so we never got back together.

*Did you work on Daisy Miller? A good friend of mine, from horror movie fandom, was one of the stars, Barry Brown.*

Really? Barry Brown. I was sure shocked when I heard that he had shot himself, but he was such a morbid guy, who read obituaries every week.



anyway. E.T. is like an adult fairy tale. Yeah, what a wonderful movie it is.

*That's what everyone has been telling me, an alien goes trick-or-treating. Does E.T. open up for sequels, too?*

Yeah, I would say so.

It's always safe to have that in mind. If everybody in the world goes to see it you might as well make another one.

Yeah, right. I'm not opposed to sequels, but I certainly do enjoy doing something new. *What determines release patterns?*

Those decisions are made for a number of reasons. E.T. is not a Christmas picture, and certainly *Polygeist* is not a Christmas picture, either. I mean, these are wide audience pictures.

*I was wondering about those two because they're both about children in spooky situations.*

E.T. isn't really a spooky situation. E.T. is a suburban fantasy, *Polygeist* a suburban nightmare. They're two different ends of the spectrum, really. E.T. is a very warm picture. You'll cry in E.T., and hopefully scream in *Polygeist*. Both have a lot of humour in them, too. And E.T. has Johnny Williams' best score, as far as I'm concerned.

*Who did the score for Polygeist?*

Jerry Goldsmith, who's okay too. We've had a great time, these guys are just so fine, and they add so much to the movies.

*Did Spielberg himself choose Williams for Jaws? That was the picture that I think started turning music in films around, back to what it once was.*

Yes, he did. And we've an 80-piece orchestra on both movies—well, they just don't do that much any more. I would hate to lose that kind of movie music.

*Why do you think science fiction and fantasy movies are so popular right now?*

Escape, escape from the everyday world. The

basic thing about movies is—as when you and I went to the movies, we went to *Them or Invaders from Mars*—we went to be entertained. Pictures like fantasy, science fiction, they reach the kid in all of us, they touch your imagination. They're bigger than life in a lot of ways, and that's entertaining and enjoyable. I think people like that.

*I notice there's also been some complaints—not that I share these complaints, believe me—along the lines of "why is Steven Spielberg piddling his life away on pictures that are just to entertain? Why doesn't he make something 'meaningful'? Why doesn't George Lucas—"*

I've heard this complaint myself. All we can do is make the movies that please ourselves. I am fortunate to have gotten to the point where I can work on movies that I want to see. That's what we're doing. I can't really speak for Steven or George, but for myself—I mean, I've worked on *The Warriors*, I worked on *The Last Waltz* which I think had a message. I didn't bring in the project, I line produced. I came in more as a production manager, really, truly, but I think that movie—I was a hundred per cent behind that movie. I understood what those guys (The Band) were doing and what they'd gone through for all these years, that they were trying to put something up there that would be there forever. I understood and admired that.

But why not make films that are entertaining?

*That's the question that always bothers me. Okay, so some people don't make serious films. But we don't want Ingmar Bergman to make a space epic.*

There's a room for Truffaut, there's a room for Bogdanovich, there's a room for Steven, there's a room for all of them.

*What I think people resent in Spielberg's case is that he's so good at what he does, they*

*want to see him do something that they think will be more meaningful, but I think in a way these things are just as meaningful as doing *Ilsen* or something.*

It's like saying, why didn't the Beatles do classical music? Why did they do this pop music—this is so exciting and entertaining and is so popular? Why didn't they get serious and write a symphony? There's room for them all. The fact that millions and millions of people are going to these movies should say something. We make them for audiences.

But there are messages. You can take out of movies whatever you want. I think there's a little something for everyone in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. But we set out to make a movie that was exciting and entertaining and thrilling and a lot of (punches into palm). And that's what we did. I don't think we should be criticized for that.

We won't mention any names, but there's some New York critics that think we should all make *Last Picture Show* every time. We all set out to make a good picture. But what people don't understand is that making a movie is a long process. We started shooting *Polygeist* May 11, 1981, so we're three days away from a full year from the start of shooting—there are so many things that can happen along the way to influence the movie and how it comes out, that just to get something up there on the screen that is even close to your original idea is a miracle. It takes something like a Steven Spielberg. It takes a great engineer to keep the locomotive from running away with itself. I think that any filmmaker who gets a movie finished should be given an award. ●

**Next issue:** Frank Marshall talks about the genesis of *Polygeist*, and answers the question about just who did direct the film, Spielberg or Tobe Hooper.





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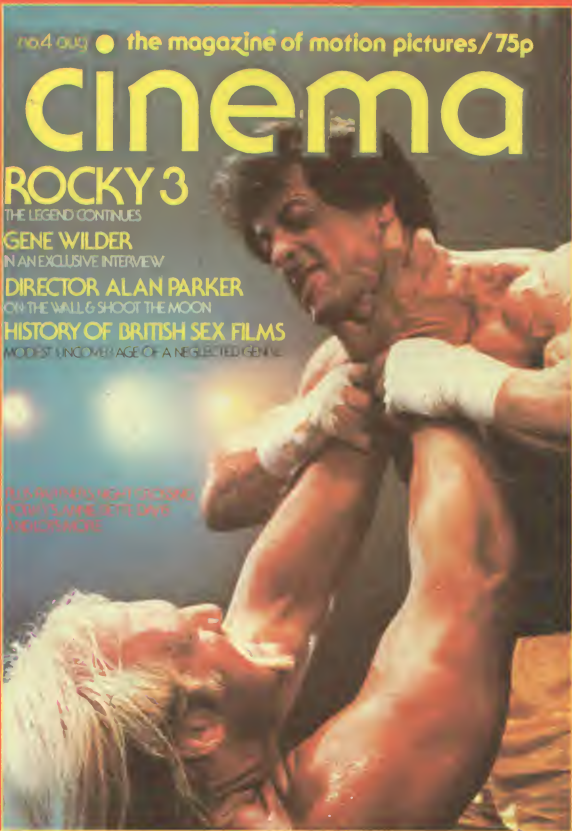
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